War with the Devil:
OR THE
Young MANS Conflict
WITH THE
Powers of Darkneſs:
In a Dialogue.

Diſcovering the Corruption and Vanity of Youth, the Horrible Nature of Sin, and Deplorable Condition of Fallen Man.

Alſo, a Definition, Power, and Rule of *Conſcience*, and the Nature of true *Converſion*.

To which is Added,

An Appendix, containing a *Dialogue* between an Old *Apoſtate*, and a Young *Profeſſor*.

Worthy the Peruſal of all, but chiefly intended for the Inſtruction of the Younger ſort.

The Fourth Impreſſion.

By *B. K.*

Pſal. 119. v. 9. *Wherewithal ſhall a Young-man cleanſe his Way? by taking heed thereto according to thy Word.*

Licenſed, and Entred according to Order.

London, Printed for *Benjamin Harris*, and are to be Sold at his Shop at the *Stationers* Arms in *Sweetings* Rents, in *Cornhil*, near the Royal-Exchange. 1676.

The youth in his converted
State Ætat. su. 16.
Ye Narrow is the Way that leads to Life

The youth in his naturall state
Etat. Ju. 16.
Broad is the Way

Iuprimatur *Hic libri Cui Titulus* War with the Devil *Anto. Saunders Ex Ædibus Lambethanis*

Sept. 25. 1673.

By a Friend, in Commendation of these POEMS.

MY Muſe is dull, although I have a will,
This Book for to commend I want the skill.
I know not how it's worth for to declare,
Few *Poems* may, doubtleſs, with it compare;
Not for rare elegant Scholaſtick ſtrains,
Which flow alone from thoſe quick-witted brains:
Who with their Rhetorick, and curious Art;
Strive to affect the Fancy, not the Heart,
This *Treatiſe* read (kind Friend) and thou ſhalt ſee,
'Tis chiefly fill'd with choice Divinity.
The Author ſoars on high, his main deſign,
Is to inſtruct that precious ſoul of thine.
I'th' path Cœleſtial, ſhews thee very plain;
How thou in Chriſt an Int'reſt may'ſt obtain.
Or, if in Chriſt thy ſoul has got a place,
He to thy joy, ſhews forth thy happy caſe.
This *Poem's* like a Meſſenger ſent forth,
To give a viſit to the drowzy Earth;
The ſlugiſh Soul it ſtrives for to awake,
Before it drops into the Fiery Lake.
Ther's very few upon the Earth do live,
Bu ht from hence ſome benefit receive.

For though it is brought forth in this our Clime,
Yet 'twill agree with every place and time.
Its Message is of such a large extent,
It may in truth to all the World be sent:
To *Male* and *Female*, low and high degree,
He speaks a word to *bond* as well as *free*.
All, in whom Conscience dwells, he lets them see
Consciences great Pow'r and Authority.
When Heav'ns hot thunder-bolts with fire & hail,
Made *Ægypts* mighty Monarch's courage fail;
Conscience stept in, made him cry out amain,
The Lord is just; I, and my wicked train
Have sinn'd: Yea, Conscience also brings
Saul Son of *Kish*, the first of *Israel*'s Kings,
Before the Prophet, humbly to confess
That he had sinn'd, and acted wickedness.
Conscience made *David* to cry out amain,
'Tis I have sinn'd, I have Uriah *slain.*
Though *David* slew a Lyon and a Bear,
And did not the great Gyants courage fear;
Yet Conscience made him stoop and tremble too:
And more than this you'l find Conscience can do.
Here's Counsel for Professors and Prophane,
Choose, or refuse, here's loss and also gain.
One Reason, *Reader*, of this Mode or Style,
Is, that it might with honest craft beguile
Such curious Fancies who had rather chose
To read ten lines in Verse, than one in Prose.
And as the nimble Fly, that lightly springs
Against the Flame, untill she burns her wings,

Is

Is taken Captive with that sulph'rous flame,
With which she only sought to sport and game:
So whilst those curious fancies think to play
With this small piece, 'twill secretly betray
Them to their Conscience, and if Conscience send
Them to God's Word, the *Author* has his end.
Provided that unto the same they yeild,
And Grace and Conscience do obtain the field.

Farewel.

W. B.

To the Reader, in Vindication of this Book.

ONe or two lines to thee, I'le here commend,
This honest POEM briefly to defend,
From Calumny, because that at this day,
All Poetry there's many do gain-say;
And very much condemn, as if the same,
Did worthily deserve, reproach and blame.
If any Book in Verse, they chance to spy,
Away Prophane, they presently do cry:
But though this kind of Writing, some dispraise,
Sith Men's captious are, in these our days;
Yet I dare say, how e're this scruple rose,
Verse hath expres'd, as sacred things as Prose.
Though some there be, that Poetry abuse,
Must we therefore, not the same method use?
Tea sure, for of Conscience it is the best,
And doth deserve, more Honour than the rest:
For 'tis no Humane knowledge gain'd by Art,
But rather 'tis inspir'd, into the Heart,
By Divine means, for true Divinity,
Hath with his Science, great Affinity:
Though some, through Ignorance, do it oppose,
Many do it esteem, far more then Prose:
And find also that unto them it brings,
Content, and hath been the delight of Kings.
David, although a King, yet was a Poet,
and Solomon also, the Scriptures shewit,
Then what if for all this some should abuse it,
Tme apt to think the Angels do embrace it:
And though God giv't here but in part to some,
Saints shall hav't perfect in the World to come.

E. B.

Youth.

THE *Naturaliſts* moſt aptly do compare,
My age unto the Spring, who beauty's rare,
When Sprightly *Sol* enters the golden Sign,
Which is call'd *Aries*, his glorious ſhine,
And ſplendent Rays do cauſe the earth to ſpring,
And Trees to bud, and quicken every thing
All Plants and Herbs, and Flowers then do flouriſh,
The graſs doth ſprout, the tender lambs to nouriſh;
Theſe things in Winter that ſeem'd to be dead,
Do now riſe up, and briskly ſhew their Head:
And do obtain a Natural Reſurrection,
By his hot Beams, and powerful Reflection.
How in the pleaſant fruitful Month of *May*,
Are Meadows clad with flowers rich and gay;
And all Earth's Globe adorn'd, in garments green,
Mix'd with rare yellow, Crown'd like to a Queen:
The primroſe, Cowſlip, and the Violet,
Are curiouſly with other Flowers ſet.

And chirping Birds with their melodious sounds,
Delight Mans heart, whose pleasure now abounds,
The Winter's past, with stormy Snow and Rain,
And long 'twil be e're such things come again;
Nothing but joy and sweet delights appear,
Whilst doth abide the Spring-time of the year.
Thus 'tis with me who am now in my prime,
In merriment and joy I spend my time:
And, like as Birds do in the lovely Spring,
I so rejoice with my Consorts, and Sing;
And spend my days in sweet Pastime and mirth,
And nought shall grieve, or trouble me on Earth:
I am resolv'd to search the World about,
But I will suck the sweetness of it out.
No stone I'le leave unturn'd, that I may find
Content, and joy, unto my craving mind:
No sorrow shall, whilst I do live, come near me;
Nor shall the Preacher with his Fancies fear me:
At Cards & Dice, & such brave Game's I'le play,
And like a Courtier, deck my self most gay;
With Periwig, and Muff, and such fine things,
With Sword and Belt, Goloshoos, and Gold-rings,
Where Bulls & Bears they bait, & Cocks do fight
I do resort with speed, There's my delight.
To drink and sport, amongst the jovial crew
I do resolve, whatever doth ensue:
And Court fair Ladies, that I also love,
And of all things do very well approve:
Which tend my sensual part to satisfie,
From whence comes all my choise felicity.

What

What e're mine Ears do hear, and Eyes behold,
Or Heart desire, if so that all my Gold,
And Silver can for me those things procure,
I'le spare no cost, nor pains, you may be sure.
Thus is my Life made very sweet to me,
VVhilst others hurri'd are in misery; (main,
Whose minds with strange conceits troubled re-
Thinking by loosing all, that way to gain.
Such Riddles I can't learn, I must them leave,
What's seen and felt I am resolv'd to have,
Let ev'ry Man his mind and fancy fill,
My Lust I'le satisfie, and have my will.
Who dares controul me in my present way,
Or vex my mind i'th least, or me gain-say?
What state of Life can equal this of mine?
Youths gallantry so bravely here doth shine.

Conscience.

Controul you, Sir! in truth and that dare I,
For your contempt of my Authority.
You tread on me without the least regard,
As if I worthy were not to be heard;
You strive to stifle me, and therefore I,
Am forc'd aloud, *Murder*, with speed to cry:
I can't forbear but must cry out amain,
Such is the wrong which from you I sustain.

Youth.

Youth.

WHat are you, Sir, you dare to be so bold?
I scorn by any He, to be controul'd-
E're I have done with you, I'le make you know,
You shall your power, and commission show.

Conscience.

Be not so hot, and you shall know my Name,
And also learn from whence my power came,
I'me no Usurper, yet I do Command,
You for to stop, and make a present stand.
Your pleasures you must leave, and Vitious Life,
Else there will grow, a very bitter strife;
'Tween you and I, as will apear anon,
If from these Courses you don't quickly turn.
For all your courage which you seem to take,
The news I bring's enough to make you quake.

Youth.

Who e're thou art, I'le make you by and by,
Confess you have accus'd me wrongfully.
From Murder I am clear, in thought and deed,
Thus be to charg'd, doth cause my heart to bleed;

Pray

Pray let me crave your Name, if you are free,
If you provoke me, worſe 'twil quickly be;
You ſeek occaſion, and are quarelſome,
And therefore 'tis, I do ſuppoſe you'r come.
But if your Name you don't declare to me,
I am reſolv'd to be reveng'd on thee.

Conſcience.

What violence (alas!) can you do more,
Than that which you have done to me before,
Forbear your threats, be ſtill and hold your hand?
And quickly you ſhall know and underſtand,
My Name, my Power, and place of Reſidence,
Which may to you prove of great conſequence.
I am a Servant to a Mighty King,
Who Rules, and Reigns, and Governs every thing;
Who keeps one Court above, and here below,
Another he doth keep, as you ſhall know,
O're this inferiour Court placed am I,
To Act and do, as his great Deputy.
I truly Judge, according to my Light,
Yea, and impartially do each Man right.
Thoſe I condemn, who vile and guilty are,
And juſtifie the Holy and Sincere.
I order'd am, to watch continually,
O're all your Actions with a wary Eye:
And I have found how you, have of late time,
Committed many a bold, and horrid Crime,

Of

Of Murder, Treason, and like Villany,
Against the Crown and glorious Dignity,
Of that great Prince from whence you have your
Who's King& Ruler,over all the Earth. (breath,
I am his Judge, Attourney-General,
And have Commission also; you to call.
Unto the Barr, and make you to confess
Your horrid Crimes,and fearful guiltiness.
A Black Indictment I have drawn in truth,
Against thy self thou miserable Youth;
Thy Pride I shall abate, thy Pleasure mar,
And bring thee to confess with tears, at Barr,
Thy sports and Games, and youthful Lust to be,
Nought else but sin, and cursed Vanity.
And for to put thee also out of doubt;
My Mame is *Conscience*, which you bear about;
No other than th' accusing faculty
Of that dear Soul which in thy breast doth lye:
I by that Rule Mens thoughts and ways compare,
By which their inward parts enlightned are;
And as they do accord, or disagree,
I do accuse, or Clear immediately,
According to your Light you do not live,
But violate that Rule which God doth give
To you, to square your Life and Actions by;
From hence comes in your woe and misery.

Youth.

Conſcience art thou? why did'ſt not ſpeak e're now?
To mind what thou doſt ſay, I can't tell how.
Thou melancholly Fancy, fly from me,
My Pleaſures I'le not leave in ſpight of thee.
Other brave Gueſts, you ſee, to me are come,
And in my Houſe for thee there is no room.
Doſt think I will be check'd by ſilly thought,
And into ſnares my fooliſh Fancy brought?
Is't you which cry out *Murder*, only you?
A Fig (alas!) for all that you can do.
For though againſt me you do prate and preach,
Your very Neck I am reſolv'd to ſtretch.
I'le ſwear, carouſe, and whore, ſay what you will,
Till I have ſtifled you, and made you ſtill.
I'le clip your Wings, and make you ſee at length,
I do know how to ſpoyl you of your ſtrength.
When you do ſpeak, I will not lend an ear;
I'le make (in truth) as if I did not hear.
If you ſpeak loud when I am all alone,
I will riſe up, and ſtraightway will be gone
To the brave Boyes, who toſs the Pot about;
And that's the way to wear your patience out.
I'le go to Playes, and Games, and Dancings too,
And e're a while, I ſhall be rid of you.

Con=

Conscience.

Thou stubborn foolish Youth be not so rash,
Lest e're you be a ware you feel my lash.
I have a sting, a whip yea and can bite,
Before you shall o'recome, I'le stoutly fight:
I'le gripe you sore, and make you howl anon,
If you resolve in sin still to go on.
I have o'recome strong hearts, & made them yield,
And so shall you before I quit the field,
Go where you will, be sure I'le soon come after,
And into sorrow, will I turn your laughter.
'Twill prove hard work for you, to shake me off,
Though you at me do seem, to jear and scoff,
As if o're you, I had no Jurisdiction,
Or was a Dream, a Fancy, or some Fiction:
For all your VVrath, I must you yet disturb,
Though you offended are, I can't but curb.
And snib you daily, as I oft have done,
Till you repent, and from lewd courses turn:
For, till the Case be taken quite a way,
Th' Effect will follow what e're you do or fray:
Unless your Light wholly extinguish'd be,
If sin remains disturbance you will see.
Therefore I do beseech you soberly,
For to submit to my Authority;
Obey my Voice, I prethee make a tryal,
Before you give another flat denyal.
If more sweet comfort I don't yield to you,
Than all which doth from sinful actions flow.

Then

Then me reject; but otherwiſe, my Friend,
My Checks receive, and to my motions bend.
Get peace within what ever thou doſt do,
And let vain pleaſures and Corruptions go;
That will be better for thy ſoul at laſt,
Than Gold or Silver, or what elſe thou haſt.
And ſince we are alone, let thee and I,
More mildly talk about Supremacy.
Is't beſt for you that pride and Folly reign,
Which nought doth bring ſave ſorrow, ſhame and pain,
And Conſcience to reject, who perfectly,
From guilt and bondage ſtrives to ſet you free?
Have not theſe luſts by which thou now art led,
Brought many men unto a piece of Bread?
What brave Eſtates have ſome conſum'd thereby
And now are forc'd in Barns on Straw to lye?
How has the Wife been ruin'd with the Child,
Beſides poor Conſcience grievouſly turmoyl'd?
Nay, once again, give ear, I prethee hark;
Han't many a brave and curious Spark,
Been brought in ſtinking Priſons there to lye,
For yielding to their Luſt and Vanity?
How many ſwing at *Tyburn* every year,
For ſtabbing Conſcience without care or fear?
And ſome alſo out of their wits do run,
And by that means are utterly undone:
Some men ſtifle me, I cannot ſpeak,
And then they ſport and play, and merry make;
Reſolving that I ſhall not gripe them more,
But quickly then a freſh I make them roar.

Some

Some of them I do drive into despair,
When in their face I do begin to stare;
No rest nor peace at all their Souls can find,
I so disturb and still perplex their mind.
What say you now, young-man, will you submit?
Weigh well the danger, and the benefit.
The danger on the one hand will be great,
If me you do oppose, and ill intreat.
Sweet profit comes, you see, on th'other hand
To such who subject are to my Command.
What dost thou say; shall I embraced be?
Or, wilt thou follow still thy Vanity?

Youth.

Was ever young-man thus perplex'd as I,
Who flourished in sweet prosperity?
VVhere e're I go, *Conscience* dogs me about,
No quiet I can have, in doors, nor out.
Conscience, what is the cause you make such strife,
I can't enjoy the comforts of my Life?
I am so grip'd, and pinched in my brest,
I know not where to go, nor where to rest.

Conscience.

'Cause you have wronged and offended me,
Loving vain Pleasures, and Iniquity.
The Light you have, you walk not up unto,
You know 'tis evil, which you daily do.
My witness I must bear continually,
For the great God, whose glorious Majesty,

Did

Did in thy Soul give me ſo high a place,
As for to ſtop you in your ſinful race;
I muſt reprove, accuſe, and you condemn,
Whilſt you by ſin, His Sov'raignty contemn:
I can't betray my truſt, nor hold my peace,
Till I am ſtabbed, ſear'd, or Light doth ceaſe;
Till you your life amend, and ſins forſake,
I ſhall purſue you, though your heart doth ake.

Youth.

How bold and malipert is *Conſcience* grown!
Though I upon this Fellow daily frown;
And his Advice reject, yet ſtill doth he,
Knock at my Door, as if he'd weary me.
Conſcience I'le have you know in truth that I,
A Perſon am of ſome Authority:
Are you ſo ſaucy as to curb and chide,
Such a brave Spark, who can't your ways abide?
'Tis much below my Birth and Parentage,
And it agrees not with my preſent age;
For to give place to you, or to regard,
Thoſe things from you, I have ſo often heard.

Conſcience.

Alas, Proud fleſh, doſt think thy ſelf too high,
To be ſubject to ſuch a one as I?
Thy betters I continually gain-ſay,
If they my Motions don't with care obey.
My Power's great, and my Commiſſion large,
There's ſcarce a Man, but I with folly charge.

The King and Peaſant are alike to me,
I favour none of high or low degree:
If they offend, I in their faces fly,
Without regard or fear of ſtanders-by.

Youth.

Speak not another word, don't you perceive
There's ſcarce a Man or Woman will believe
What you do ſay, you'r grown ſo out of date,
Be ſilent then and longer do not prate.
I'th' Country your credit is but ſmall,
There's few care for your company at all:
The Husband-man the Landmark can't remove,
But you ſtraitway him bitterly reprove:
Nor Plow a little of his Neighbours Land,
But you command him preſently to ſtand.
There's not a Man can go i'th' leaſt awry,
But out againſt him fiercely you do fly.
The People therefore now ſo weary are,
They've thruſt you out almoſt of ev'ry Shire:
And in the City you ſo hated be,
There's very few care a ruſh for thee:
For if they ſhould believe what you do ſay,
Their Pride and Bravery would ſoon decay,
Their ſwearing, cheating, and their drunkenneſs,
VVould vaniſh quite away, or grow much leſs.
Our craft of Profit and our Pleaſure too,
VVould ſoon go down, and ruin'd be by you.
The whores and Bawds, with the Play-houſes then
VVould be contemned by all ſorts of Men.

You

You ſtrive to ſpoil us of our ſweet delight,
Our Pleaſures you oppoſe with all your might.
The Fabrick of our Joy you would pull down,
And make our Youth juſt like a Country clown.
VVe half Phanaticks ſhould be made ('tis clear)
If unto thee we once inclined were.
But this amongſt the reſt doth chear my heart,
There's very few in *London* take thy part.
Here and there one, which we Nick-names do give,
VVho hated are, and judg'd not fit to live.
'Tis out of faſhion grown, I daily ſee,
Conſcience for to regard i'th' leaſt degree.
He that can't whore and ſwear without controul,
VVe do account to be a timerous Fool.
Therefore though you ſo deſperately do fall
Upon poor me, yet I do hope I ſhall
Get looſe from you, and then I'le tear the ground,
And in all joy and pleaſure will abound.

Conſcience.

Ah! poor deceived Soul! doſt thou not know,
That moſt of all Mankind i'th' broad-way goe?
What though they do moſt wickedly abuſe me?
VVilt thou alſo in the like manner uſe me?
VVhat though they will of me no warning take,
'Till they drop down into the *Stygian* Lake?
VVilt thou be-friend the curſed Serpent ſo,
As to go on till comes thy overthrow?
VVhat though I am in no requeſt by them?
Don't they likewiſe God's holy VVord contemn?

Don't they the Goſpel caſt quite out of ſight,
Leſt from their Pleaſures it ſhould them affright?
What though my friends are toſt about and hurl'd
Their inward peace is more than all the World
Can give to them, or from them take away,
Whilſt they with diligence do me obey;
As I enlightned am by God's Precepts,
Which are a guide, and Lanthorn to my ſteps.
O come proud heart, and longer don't contend,
But leave thy Luſt, and to my Scepter bend:
For I'le not leave thee, but with all my pow'r,
I'le follow thee, unto thy dying hour.

Youth.

Into ſome private place then I will fly,
Where I may hide my ſelf, and ſecretly,
There, I'le enjoy my ſelf, in ſpight of thee;
And thou ſhalt not i'th leaſt know where I be.

Conſcience.

Nay, fooliſh Youth, how can that thing be done,
From *Conſcience* it is in vain to run;
No ſecret place can you find out or ſpy,
To hide your ſelf from me, ſuch is mine Eye;
I ſee i'th Dark, as well as in the Light,
No Doors nor Walls, will keep thee from my ſight.
Where e're thou art, or goeſt, am I not near,
Thy Soul with horrid guilt, to ſcare and fear?
Could *Cain*, or *Judas*, get out of my reach,
When once between us, there was the like breach?

Did

Did I not follow them unto the end,
And made them know what 'twas for to offend
My glorious Prince, and me his true Viceroy?
Vengeance doth follow them who US annoy.
My Counſel then I prethee take with ſpeed,
For that's the way alone for to be freed
From Vengeance here, and Wrath alſo to come,
When thou doſt dye, and at the day of Doom.

Youth.

What! can't I fly from thee, nor thee ſubdue?
Then I intreat thee, *Conſcience*, don't purſue,
Nor follow me ſo cloſe; forbear a while,
Don't yet my Beauty, nor my Pleaſures ſpoil.
This is my Spring, and Flower of my Age,
Oh! pity me, and ceaſe thy bitter rage:
Don't crop the tender bud, it is too green;
Oh! let me have thoſe days others have ſeen.
Forbear thy hand, till my wild Oats are ſown;
They muſt be ripe alſo before they'r mown.
Thou haſt forborn with ſome for a long time,
That which I ask of thee is but the prime,
Of thoſe good days which God bestows on me,
Oh! that it might but once obtained be!
'Tis time enough for to adhere to thee,
After I've ſpent my time in Gallantry;
In earths ſweet joys, & ſuch tranſcendent pleaſures
Which young men do eſteem the chiefeſt treaſures.

Conscience.

After all violence and outrage great
Done to poor *Conscience*, do you now intreat?
Thinking for to prevail by flattery,
But that in truth I utterly defie:
'Tis quite against my Nature you must know,
Unto vile Lust fond pity for to show:
God has not given such a dispensation,
For me to wink at your abomination:
If God doth once but blow your Candle out,
I shall be quiet then you need not doubt:
(But woe to you as ever you were born,
If God doth once his Light to darkness turn.)
But while in you remains that legal Light,
Your Sins I can't endure in my sight.
No liberty God, I am sure, will give
To any one, in horrid Sin to live;
Nor will he give allowance for a day:
'Tis very dangerous for to delay
The work of thy Repentance for an hour.
What thy hand finds to do, do with thy pow'r.
If me you don't believe, I prethee, Youth,
For to resolve thy self, go to God's Truth.

Youth.

Well! since that you no comfort do afford,
I will enquire of God's most Holy Word:
So far I will your Counsel take, for I
Am sorely troubled, whither shall I fly?

I will make tryal, I resolve to see,
Whether the *Truth* and *Conscience* do agree.
The lip of *Truth* can't lye, though *Conscience* may:
When that misguided is, it leads astray.
If *Truth* and *Conscience* speak the self-same thing,
'Twill some amazement to my Spirit bring.
That now I ask for, and earnestly crave,
Is some short time in sin longer to have.
Conscience denyes it me: *Truth*, what say you?
Oh! that you would a little favour shew.
To a poor Lad, alas! I am but young,
Like to a Flower which is lately sprung
Out of the ground, and *Conscience* day and night,
Strives for to tread me down with all his might:
Or, as the Frost the tender bud doth spoyl;
So has he striven to do a great while.
Must I reform, and all my sins forsake?
Some fitter season then O let me take.
For all things there's a time under the Sun,
And when I older am, I will return.

Truth.

Nay, hold, vain *Youth*, you are mistaken now,
No time to sin God doth to thee allow.
If I may speak, attend, and you shall hear,
With poor *Conscience* must my witness bear;
I am his Guide, his Rule, 'tis by my Light
He acts and does, and speaks the thing that's right.
You are undone, if you don't speedily
Leave all your sins, and cursed vanity.

Art thou too young thy evil ways to leave,
And yet haſt thou a precious *S*oul to ſave?
Art thou too young to leave Iniquity,
VVhen old enough in Hell for ſin to lye?
*S*ome fitter ſeaſon (Youth) doſt think to find?
The Devil doth dart that into thy mind.
No time ſo fit, as when the Lord doth call;
Thoſe who rebellious are, they one day ſhall
*S*mart bitterly for their moſt horrid evil,
In yielding to, and ſiding with the Devil.
But once again, I prethee hark to me;
Don't God, whilſt thou art young, call unto thee?
Remember thy Creator therefore now,
And unto him with ſpeed ſee you do bow.
The firſt ripe Fruit of old God did deſire,
And ſo of thee likewiſe he doth require,
That thou to him a *S*acrifice ſhould'ſt give,
Of thy beſt days, and learn betimes to live,
Unto the praiſe of his moſt Holy Name;
And not by ſin ſo to prophane the ſame.
This is (Young-man) alſo thy chooſing time,
VVhilſt thou therefore doſt flouriſh in thy prime,
Place thou thy heart upon the Lord above;
And with Chriſt Jeſus alſo fall in love.
Did not *Jehovah* give to thee thy breath,
And alſo place thee here upon the Earth;
And many precious bleſſings give to thee,
That thou to him alone ſhould'ſt ſubject be?
God out of Bowels ſent his precious *S*on,
Thy *S*oul from evil ways with ſpeed to turn;

VVho

Who for thy ſake was nailed to the Tree
To free thy Soul from Hell and miſery.
And whilſt in ſin (vile wretch) thou doſt remain,
Thou doſt as,twere him Crucifie again:
Thy ſins alſo (O Young-man) God doth hate,
His Soul doth loath,and them abominate;
Naught is more odious in his bleſſed ſight,
Than thoſe baſe Luſts in which thou tak'ſt delight.
And wilt thou not O Young-man! be deterr'd
From thy vain ways? what, is thy heart ſo hard?
Shall nothing move thy Soul for to repent,
Nor work Convictions in thee to relent?
Give ear to *Truth*, Truth never ſpoke a Lye,
And fly from *Sin* and youthful Vanity.
Thoſe that do ſeek God's Kingdom firſt of all,
And do obey God's ſweet and gracious Call;
They ſhall find Chriſt, and ly too in his breaſt,
And reap the comfort of Internal reſt.
But if thou ſhould'ſt this golden time neglect,
And all good motions utterly reject;
And ſlight the day of this thy Viſitation;
That will to God be ſuch a provocation,
That he'l not wait upon thee any more,
Nor never knock hereafter at thy door.
Whilſt tearms of peace God doth therefore afford,
Subject to him, leſt he doth draw his *Sword*.
If once to anger him you do provoke,
He'l break your bones, and wound you with his ſtroke:
Who can before his indignation ſtand,
Or, bear the weight of his revengeful hand?

How

How dareſt thou a War with him maintain,
And ſay o're thee Chriſt Jeſus ſhall not Reign?
Wilt thou combine with his vile Enemy,
And yet preſume on his ſweet clemency?
Wilt thou, vile Traytor-like, contrive the death
Of that great King, from whom thou haſt thy breath,
Wilt thou caſt dirt upon the Holy One,
And keep Chriſt Jeſus from his rightly Throne?
Is't not his right thy Conſcience for to ſway?
Ought he not there to Reign, and thou Obey?
Dar'ſt thou reſiſt his dread and Soveraign Power?
Yea, or hold parley with him for an hour,
To gratifie the Devil, who thereby
Renews his ſtrength, yea and doth fortifie
Himſelf in thee, and makes his Kingdom ſtrong,
By tempting thee to ſin whileſt thou art young?
The Blackamoor as ſoon may change his skin,
As thou may'ſt leave and turn away from ſin,
When once a habit and a cuſtome's taken,
Then ſinfull wayes are hard to be forſaken.
Dar'ſt thou, vile wretch, Chriſt's Government oppoſe,
And with the Devil and Corruption cloſe? (
Had'ſt rather that the Devil reign o're thee,
Than unto God Almighty ſubject be?
Which will be beſt, doſt think, for thee i'th' end,
The Lord to pleaſe, and Satan to offend?
Or Satan for to pleaſe, and ſo thereby,
Declare thy ſelf *JEHOVAH*'s Enemy?
For thoſe who live in ſin, 'tis very clear,
They Enemies to *GOD* and *Jeſus* are.

And

And wilt thou yield unto the Devil ſtill,
And greedily alſo his will fulfill?
Doſt think, *vain youth*, he'l prove to thee a friend,
That thou doſt ſo his curſed ways commend?
Has Sin (which is his odious excrement)
So ſweet a ſmell, yea and a fragrant ſcent?
Shall that which is the ſuperfluity
Of naughtineſs, be precious in thyne eye?
And doſt thou value Chriſt and all he hath,
Not worth vain pleaſures here upon the Earth?
Shall he eſteemed be by thee (vile duſt!)
Not worth the pleaſures of a curſed Luſt?
Is there more good in ſinfull Vanity,
Than is in all the glorious Trinity?
That which men think is beſt, that will they chuſe
Things of ſmall value 'tis they do refuſe.
What thoughts haſt thou of Chriſt then, ſinful Soul,
That thou his Meſſengers doſt thus controul,
And doſt to him alſo turn a deaf ear,
His knocks, his calls, and wooings wilt not hear;
Nor him regard, though he ſtands at thy door,
With Myrrhe and Frankincenſe, yea and all ſtore
Of rare Fruit, and chief Spice, as *Cinnamon*,
Aloes, *Spikenard*, *Camphire* and *Saffron*;
All pretious things (poor Soul!) of Heaven above,
He has with him, yet nothing will thee move
To ope the door: for all his calls and knocks,
Thou let's him ſtand untill his pretious locks
Are wet with dew, and drops of the long night.
Thus thou doſt him deſpiſe, reject and ſlight,

And

And rather keep'it thy Luſt and Pleaſure ſtill,
Than that Chriſt ſhould thy Soul with Heaven fill.
Though he ten thouſand VVorlds doth yet excell,
And makes that heart where he in truth doth dwell
To be a Heaven here upon the Earth,
Filling the Soul with precious joy and mirth;
VVhich makes gray-headed VVinter like a Spring,
And Youths like to Cœleſtial Angels ſing;
The Soul he doth ſo greatly elevate,
That it diſdains and doth abominate
All ſenſual pleaſures in compariſon
Of Jeſus Chriſt his dear and only One.
Let me perſwade thee, for to taſte and try,
How good Chriſt is, for then aſſuredly,
Thou wilt admire him, yea, and praiſe the Lord,
That ever he did to thy Soul afford,
Such a dear Saviour, and ſuch good Advice,
To lead thy Soul into ſweet Paradice.
For none do know the nature of that Peace,
That inward joy the which ſhall never ceaſe,
But he himſelf who doth the ſame poſſeſs:
Oh! taſte and ſee, for then you will confeſs,
No pen can it expreſs, no Tongue declare,
It's Nature's ſuch (Oh Young-man!) 'tis ſo rare,
Chriſt is the *Summum bonum*, it is He,
In whom alone is true felicity.
Such is the Nature of Man's panting breaſt,
There's nought on Earth can give him perfect reſt.
'Tis not in Honour, that is Vanity:
For ſuch, like Beaſts, and other Mortals, dye.

King-

Kingdoms and Crowns they tottering do ſtand,
The Servant may the Maſter ſoon Command.
Belſhazzar, who upon the Throne did ſit,
His Knees againſt each other ſoon did hit.
How was he ſcar'd when the hand-writing came,
And wrote upon the Wall, ev'n the ſame
That after wards befell? his End being come,
Then ſtraitway followed his final Doom.
Great Men oft-times are filled with great fear;
Being perplext they know not how to ſtear.
Tall Cedars fall, when little ſhrubs abide, (Tide.
Though Winds do blow, and ſtrangely turn the
For Man in Honour lives but a ſhort ſpace,
He dyes like to the Beaſts, ſo ends his race.
Where's *Nimrod* now, that mighty Man of old,
And where's the Glory of the Head of Gold?
Great Monarchs now are moulder'd quite away,
Who did on Earth the golden Scepter ſway,
In higheſt place of Humane Government:
None ever found therein ſolid content.
Of *Alexander* 'tis declar'd by ſome,
How he ſate down when he had overcome
The Eaſtern world, and did weep very ſore,
Becauſe there was one world, and was no more
For him to Conquer. Thus alſo 'tis ſtill,
This world's not big enough Man's Soul to fill.
Riches and Wealth alſo can't ſatisfie,
That precious Soul which in thy breaſt doth lye.
If ſtore of Gold and Silver thou ſhouldſt gain,
'Twould but increaſe thy ſorrow grief and pain.

Riches

Riches, O Young-man, they are empty things,
And fly moſt ſwift away with Eagles wings. (row
When riches thou doſt heap, thou heap'ſt up ſor-
They'r thine to day, alas! but gone to morrow.
Fires may come, and thy Treaſures burn,
Or Theeves ſteal it, as they have often done.
He that hath thouſands by the Year, this night
May be as poor as *Job* before 'tis light.
And as for pleaſure which thy Age doth prize
Why ſhould that ſeem ſo lovely in thine eyes?
'Tis but a moment they with thee will laſt;
And ſadneſs comes alſo when they are paſt.
The Brute his pleaſures hath as well as thee,
Man's chieſeſt good therefore can't pleaſures be.
And whilſt thou ſtriv'ſt thy evil Luſt to pleaſe,
Thy raging Conſcience (Youth) who ſhall appeaſe?
Whith this ſweet Meat I tell thee alſo Friend,
Thou ſhalt have ſour ſauce be ſure i'th' end.
And as for Beauty, that alſo is vain,
Unleſs thou can'ſt the inward Beauty gain.
What's outward Beauty ſave an evil ſnare:
By which vain ones oft-times deceived are:
And on a ſudden draw into temptation,
For to commit moſt vile abomination.
That Beauty which Man's carnal heart doth prize,
Renders not lovely in *Jehovah*'s eyes:
Though deck'd with jewels, rings, & brave attire,
The glorious King their Beauty don't deſire;
His hearts not taken with't, but contrar'wiſe
The Beauty of vain ones he doth deſpiſe,

Though

Though very fair, yet if defil'd with sin,
They like unto Sepulchres are within.
Loathsome and vile i'th sight of God are they,
And soon their seeming Beauty will decay.
It fades and withers, and away doth doth pass,
Just like unto the flower of the grass.
The curled Locks, yea and the spotted Face,
God e're a while will bring into disgrace.
Those Ladies which excel all others do,
Must feed the worms within a day or two,
Death and the grave will spoil their beauty quite,
And none in them shall never more delight.
As for thy Age in youthful dayes we see,
Youth minds nought else save cursed vanity.
Soon may thy Spring also meet with a blast,
And all thy glory not an hour last.
The flower in the Spring which is so gay,
Soon doth it fade and wither quite away.
Nothing on earth canst thou find out or spy,
That will content thee long, or satisfie
That Soul of thine, if still you search about
Till you do find the rarest Science out.
For if on Learning once you place your mind,
Much vanity in that also you'l find.
For Humane Knowledge and Philosophy,
Can't bring thy Soul into sweet Unity
With God above, and Jesus Christ his Son,
In whom, poor Youth, is happiness alone.
Dote not on Honour then, not yet Treasure,
Nor Beauty, Learning, Youth, nor Pleasure;

All

All is but Vanity that's here below,
Truth and Experience both the same do show.
Come, look to Heav'n, seek thou for higher joys,
Let Swine take Husks, & Fools these empty toys.
Come taste of Christ, poor Soul, and then you will,
Of joys Cœlestial receive your fill.
If thou dost drink but of the Crystal Springs,
These outward joys thoul't see are trifling things.
If Heavens sweetness once thou hadst but caught,
Thou wouldst account Earth's best enjoyments
Honour & riches too Christ has great store (naught
And at's *Right hand pleasures for evermore.*
Dost think that he who makes Man's life so sweet,
Whilst he with grievous troubles here doth meet,
And in believing hath such sweetness placed,
Though his own Image greatly is defaced,
Can't give to him much greater Consolation,
When all the sowr's vanisht of Temptation.
If with the bitter, Saints such sweetness gain,
What shall they have when they in Glory reign?

Youth.

Be silent *Truth*, leave off, for I can't bear
Your whyning strains, nor will I longer hear
Such melancholy whymsies, they'r such stuff,
Which suits not with my Age: I have enough
Of it already, and also of you,
Sith you my int'rests strive to overthrow.
When I Appeal'd to you, I was perplext,
And with sad melancholy sorely vext:

But

But since I do perceive the Storm is [illegible]'re,
You I don't think to trouble any more.
Long-winded-Sermons, *Sir*, I do not love.
Nor of your Doctrine in the least approve.
No liberty to me I see you'll give,
In sweet delights and pleasures for to live.
I don't intend Phanatick yet to turn,
Nor after such distracted people run;
An easier way to Heaven I do know,
And therefore, Sir, Farewel, farewel, to you.
My bride, my Sports and my old Company;
I will enjoy, and all my bravery
I will hold fast, yea, wantonly fulfil
My fleshy mind, say preachers what they will?

Conscience.

*A*h Youth, ah Youth, is't so in very deed!
Wilt thou no more unto God's truth give heed.
'Twas but my mouth to stop, I now do find
That unto Truth you seemingly inclin'd
But this, O *S*oul, I must assure to thee,
What thou hast heard, has much enlightned me
*A*nd my Commission too it doth renew,
*A*s will appear by what doth next ensue
Have you from God been called thus upon,
*A*nd shall your heart be hardened like a stone
You can't plead ignorance, Oh Youth, 'tis so,
You plainly now have heard what you should do.
Your sin will be with grievous Aggravation,
If quickly you don't make a Recantation.

Your ſin will now be of a ſcarlet dye,
And many ſtripes prepared I eſpy,
With which you muſt be beat; becauſe that you
Your Maſter's Will ſo perfectly do know,
But for to do the ſame you ſtill refuſe,
And your poor Conſcience wickedly abuſe,
You'l ſhew your ſelf a curſed Rebel now,
If unto Chriſt with ſpeed you do not bow.
Wilt thou thy ſins retain, when thou doſt hear
How much againſt the Living God they are?
Wilt thou caſt dirt into his bleſſed face?
Oh! tremble Soul, and dread thy preſent caſe.

Youth.

Now my good days, I ſee they will be gone,
My inward thoughts will ne're let me alone,
Ah that I could but ſin without controul,
And Conſcience would no more diſturb my Soul,
His bitter gripes much longer I can't bear,
He's grown ſo ſtrong, that little hope is there,
But he'l prevail, ſuch conflicts do I feel.
My Courage now and Reſolutions reel;
But yet I am reſolv'd once more to try,
And ſtruggle will to get the maſtery.
I cowardly will not acquit the Field,
Nor at the ſecond ſummons will I yield.
I'le make once more another ſtout aſſay,
Er'e unto Conſcience I will yield the day.
Ah! how can I my ſweet delights forſake,
Without reſiſtance to the laſt I make?

Con-

Conſcience, although I ſinful am, I ſee
Ther's many thouſand ſinners worſe than me:
There's none can live and from all ſin be clear,
That I from *Truth* did very lately hear.
My heart is good, though it is true, that I
Am over-come through humane frailty.

Conſcience.

O curſed wretch! dar'it thou thy heart commend?
Come tremble Soul, and it to pieces rend.
Don't I moſt clearly in thy heart behold
Moſt horrid luſt, 'twould ſhame thee were it told:
All rottenneſs and filthy I do eſpy,
In that baſe heart of thine, to lurk and lie;
There Vipers breed and many a Cockatrice;
The ſpawn of every Sin and evil Vice.
Like a *Sepulchre*, Soul, thou art with in,
Nought's there but ſtink and putrifying ſin.
Out from thy heart all-evil doth aſcend,
And yet wilt thou thy filthy heart commend?
And doſt thou think thy ſtate good for to be,
Cauſe thou doſt find many as bad as thee?
You are ſo naught, If you from ſin don't turn,
You muſt for ſin in Hell for ever burn.
Except ye do repent, *Truth* tells you plain,
You periſh muſt, in everlaſting pain.

Youth.

Well, ſay no more, if this be ſo, I muſt
Go unto *Truth* again, or I ſhall burſt;

My heart will break I clearly do diſcern,
I therefore now muſt yield, and alſo learn
What's my Eſtate, my Nature, Oh! that I'd know,
Come, *Truth*, I pray will you this favour ſhow;
As to explain this thing to me more clear,
For *Conſcience* doth my Soul with horrour ſcare.
Is he i'th' right, Oh *Truth*! or is he wrong?
I find Convictions in me very ſtrong.
What is my ſtate? declare it unto me,
And ſet my troubled ſoul at liberty.

Truth.

What *Conſcience* ſpeaks, O young man, is moſt (right,
And vain it is with him longer to fight:
Conſcience againſt thee doth his witneſs bear,
And dreadful danger alſo doth declare.
Thoſe he condemns by Light receiv'd from me,
Th' Eternal God condemns aſſuredlie.
And God is greater than thy Heart, Oh Soul!
Who can enough thy grievous ſtate condole?
If *Conſcience* does its Teſtimony give,
That you in ſin and curſed ways do live,
And that thou art an unconverted wretch:
If 'tis from hence, between you there's a breach,
And this be ſo as it you can't deny,
What would you do if you this night ſhould dye?
If in this ſtate this life you do depart,
Undone for evermore, Young man thou art:
As ſure as is the mighty God in Heaven,
Againſt thy Soul the Sentence will be given,

Con-

Conſcience his power did from God receive?
And if you 'don't obey and him believe,
Bnt do reject his Motions, 'tis all one
As if Chriſt Jeſus you did tread upon:
Whilſt he doth Rule by Laws that are Divine,
'Tis Treaſon him to ſtop or undermine,
And once again to ſhew thee thy eſtate,
Thou being, Young man, not regenerate,
No God nor Chriſt have you, 'tis even ſo,
And this indeed's the ſum of all your wo.
In God no Intereſt, (Youth) haſt thou at all,
He's quite departed ever ſince the Fall
And is become thy dreadful Enemy,
His angry face is ſet moſt veh'mently
Againſt thy Soul, and that's a fearful thing,
Enough thy pride with Vengeance down to bring
Each Attribute againſt thy Soul is ſet,
And all of them alſo together met
To make thee every way moſt miſerable,
Which wrath for to withſtand, what man is able?
He'l ſuddenly thy Soul to pieces tear,
And his eternal Vengeance make thee bear:
His wrath it will upon thy Soul remain,
'Till you by Faith are truly born again

Youth.

This Doctrine which to me you do declare,
It is enough to drive one to deſpair?
If it be ſo, I grant I am undone,
But God is gracious and has ſent his Son:

He's full of bowels, therefore hope do I,
He'l not on me his Juſtice magnifie.

Truth.

'Tis true God's gracious, yet he will not clear
Thoſe guilty Souls who don't his Juſtice fear:
He's very gracious, yet he's full of ire,
And is to ſuch like a conſuming fire.
He ſent his Son, 'tis true, for Souls to dye;
But many miſs and falſely do apply
His precious blood; therefore my Counſel take,
Don't you too ſoon an Application make
Of Gods ſweet Grace, nor yet of Chriſt's dear (Blood,
Until by you the Goſpel's underſtood.
Thoſe who are whole need no Phyſician have,
The Sick and Wounded Soul Chriſt came to ſave.
What doſt thou judge thy preſent ſtate to be,
How do's it ſtand, and is it now with thee?

Youth.

I am a Sinner, and my heart doth bleed,
My ſin-ſick-Soul doth a ſweet Saviour need,
My Conſcience tells me that I am moſt vile,
And grievouſly for ſin doth me turmoile.

Truth.

No Saviour you can have unleſs you do,
Reſolve to leave your ſins, and let them go:
Nor for your Wounds is there a help be ſure,
'Till Cauſes be remov'd which do procure,

And

And bring on you that pain and bitter ſmart
Which you cry out of in your inward part.

Youth.

My trembling Soul's amaz'd and fill'd with fear,
Another way, Oh *Truth!* thy courſe I'le ſteer;
I muſt forſake all evil wayes, for I
Do ſee the danger and the miſery
Which doth attend the way that I am in,
Whilſt I do keep and hug my curſed ſin.
There's ſcarce a night which paſſeth o're my head,
But dread I do the making of my Bed;
(E're Morning comes) in the ſad depths of Hell.
My Conſcience therefore now does me compell,
To bid adieu to all ſweet joy and pleaſure,
To lies and fraud and all unlawful treaſure.
In ſports and games I'le take no more delight,
But contrariwiſe I'le pray both day and night.
Conſcience has overcome me with his gripes,
Truth follows him ſo with his threatn'd ſtripes.
The wall's broke down, the old man runs away,
And *Conſcience* follows cloſe to cut and ſlay:
And threatens too no Quarter he will give,
And ſeems before him every thing to drive.
Luſt forced is in corners now to fly,
Where it doth hide it ſelf moſt ſecretly,
And watcheth alſo, thinking for to get
An opportunity once more to ſet
And fall on *Conſcience*, which it doth diſdain
'Cauſe *Conſcience* ſays Corruption muſt be ſlain

I ſide with him becauſe I would have peace.
But ſtill 'tis doubtful when theſe Wars will ceaſe.

Devil.

What pity is't thy Sun ſhould ſet ſo ſoon
Or ſhould be clouded thus before 'tis noon:
No ſooner riſen in thy Horiſon,
And ſweetly ſhines, but preſently is gone.
Shall Winter come before the Spring 'tis paſt,
And all its fruit be ſpoil'd with one ſad blaſt?
Shall that brave flower which doth ſeem ſo gay,
So quickly fade and wither quite away?
What pity 'tis that one ſo young as thee
Should thus be brought into Captivity.
Heark not to *Conſcience*, for I dare maintain,
'Tis better for to hug thy ſins again.
Thy Conſcience, Youth, thou haſt too lately found,
Doth but amaze and give thy Soul a wound.
Conſider well, adviſe, and thou ſhalt ſee,
My ways are beſt, come hearken unto me,
I'le give thee honour pleaſure, wealth, and things
Which prized are by noble men and Kings.
Let not this Make-bate with one angry frown,
Throw all thy Glory and thy Pleaſures down.
Let not ſtrange thoughts diſtreſs thy troubled mind,
What ſatisfaction canſt thou have or find,
But that which floweth from this World alone,
'Tis I muſt raiſe thee to the ſublime Throne
The Hell thou feareſt, may be but a ſtory,
And Heaven alſo but a feigned Glory.

If this don't ſtartle thee, then ſpeedily
I will ſtir up ſome other Enemy.
Old man rouze up, I charge you to awake
And ſwiftly too, your life lies at the ſtake.
And Miſtris Heart, ſtir up your wilful Will.
Is this a ſeaſon for him to ſit ſtill!
If unto Truth and Conſcience he gives place.
Our Intreſt will, you'l ſee go down apace
Judgment is gone already and doth yield,
And Courage too I fear will quit the field.
Some ſins are ſlain, and in their Blood do ly
And others into Holes are forc'd to fly.
As for Affection he doth hold his own,
Though Conſcience doth upon him ſadly frown:
Remembrance will unto him tray'trous prove,
If I his thoughts from Sermons can remove.
I'le make his Mind run after things below,
And raiſe up trouble which he did not know:
And he'l forget what he did lately hear,
And ceaſe will then his former thoughts and fear.
If I can pleaſe his ſenſual appetite,
There is no fear of any ſudden flight
His breaſt is Tinder, apt to entertain
The ſparks of Luſt which long he can't reſtrain
I'le blow them up and kindle them anew,
And to Convictions ſoon he'll bid adieu.
New objects I le preſent unto his ſight,
In which I am ſure he can't but take delight.
I have ſuch hold of him, there is no doubt
But I once more ſhall turn him quite about.

His

His old Companions *also I'le provoke,*
At's door again to give another knock;
Their strong inticements hardly he'l withstand,
They can (you'l see) his Spirit soon command.

Youth's old Companions.

How do you, Sir? what is the cause that we
Can't (here of late) enjoy your Company?
It seems to us as if you were grown strange,
As if in Youth there were some sudden change.

Youth.

I have not had the opportunity,
Besides on me there do's some burden lie,
Which doth press down my Spirits very sore,
And makes me seldom to go forth o'th door.

Companions.

I warr'at you, Sirs, 'tis sin afflicts his Soul,
And he's just going now for to turn fool.
Come, come away, to Age such grief belongs,
To youth, brave mirth and sweet melodious songs.
Come drive these thoughts away with Pipe & Pot:
Sing and Carouse till they are quite forgot.
The lovely strains of the well-tuned Lute,
Where Playes they act, do with our Nature suite.
Come, go with us upon a brave Design,
The which will chear that drooping heart of thine.
Come generous Soul, let thy ambitious eye;
Such foolish fancies and vain dreams defie.

Shall

Shall thy Heroick Spirit thus give place,
To silly dotage to thy great disgrace?

Victus.

The young-man yields, being possess'd with fears,
They would reproach him else with scoffs and jears,
But afterwards his head begins to ake,
And *Conscience* then afresh begins to wake,
And stings him after such a bitter sort,
It puts a period to his jovial sport.
The thoughts of death, which sickness doth presage
Doth trouble him, he cannot bear the rage,
And inward gripes of his enlighten'd breast,
And therefore now again he thinks 'tis best
To hark to *Conscience*, whom he did refuse,
And grievously did many times abuse.

Conscience.

Go mourn, thou wretch, for sad is thy condition,
Pour forth amain the water of Contrition,
Wilt thou appear to men godly to be,
When all is nothing but Hypocrisie?
Wilt thou to *Truth* so often lend an ear,
And yet to *Satan* also thus adhere?
You were as good have kept your former station,
As thus to yield afresh unto temptation:
Go unto *Truth*, if God give space and room,
Before I do pronounce your final dōom.

Truth.

Truth.

Come, come, Young man, don't thy convictions
But cheriſh them, and timely alſo chooſe (looſe,
The one thing needful, which alone is good,
That God may waſh thy Soul in Chriſt his Blood.
Thy Soul is precious, 'tis of greater worth
Than all the things that are upon the Earth.
For if that the whole world you now could gain,
And all the pleaſures of it could obtain;
And in exchange your Soul ſhould loſe thereby,
What would your profit be when you muſt dye?
When once thy Soul is loſt, thou loſeſt all:
Oh! that will be a very diſmal fall!
Doſt thou not know what I of Hell declare,
Of th' hideous howlings of the Damned there?
How canſt thou with devouring fire dwell?
Or lie with Devils in the loweſt Hell?
Thoſe who do in their natural ſtate remain,
Muſt live for ever in that reſtleſs pain.
All Fornicators, Drunkards, and the Liar,
Muſt have their portion in that Lake of Fire,
With Thieves; Revilers, and Extortioners,
And ſuch who are moſt vile Idolaters:
The Proud, the Swearer, and the Covetous,
God doth pronounce on them the ſelf ſame curſe.
And thoſe who live in vile Hypocriſie,
Or do backſlide into Apoſtaſie;
Let ſuch unto my preſent words give heed,
Their pain and torment ſhall all men's exceed.

What

What wilt thou do, or whither canſt thou fly,
Where canſt thou hide from the great Majeſty?
Who tries the reins, and ſearches every heart,
Conſcience declares that thou moſt guilty art
Condemned Soul! thou knowſt that this is ſo,
And this moreover which I Plainly ſhow,
Will come to Paſs, as ſure as God's above,
If from all ſin with ſpeed you don't remove;
As ſure as you do live where e're you die,
To Hell you go to all Eternity:
Except Repentance in your *S*oul be wrought,
with vengeance thither you'll at laſt be brought
You are the man for whom God did prepare,)
That dreadful Tophet where the Damned are,
The which is made exceeding large and deep,
The Damned in that doleful place to keep,
Oh! call to mind what Conſcience doth this day
Charge you withal before you'r ſwept away;
Leſt you from him do hear no more at all,
Till you into thoſe ſcorching flames do fall
What mercy is't that *Conſcience* ſtrives ſo long,
And his Convictions ſtill in you are ſtrong!
Oh! fear leſt ſin do ſear your Conſcience quite,
And God alſo put out your Candle-light?
And give you up unto a heart of ſtone,
As he in Wrath has ſerved many one
Then to repent it will be much too late,
*S*uch is the danger of a lapſed ſtate
Young man take heed you don't this work delay
And put it off unto another day.

Your

Your own Experience may discover this,
Man's Life a bubble and a vapour is.
Alas! thy days on Earth will be but few,
They fly away like to the morning dew;
Like as the cloud and shadow swiftly flies,
Or, dew doth pass as soon as Sun doth rise:
So fly thy dayes, thy golden months and years,
Much like the blossom that most gay appears,
And on a sudden fades and do's decay;
So Youth oft times doth wither quite away.
Thy Age thou do'st unto the Spring compare,
And to the flowers which appear so rare.
From hence, O young-man, learn Instruction now,
Don't thy Experience dayly teach thee how
The Flower withers and hangs down its head,
Which curiously of late so flourished?
The Meadow's clad in glorious array,
But's soon cut down, and turned all to Hay.
Like Jonah's Gourd which sprang up in a night,
And perished as soon as it was light.
Or like a Post which quickly passeth by,
Or Weaver's Shuttle which he maketh fly:
Or as a Ship when she is under sail.
Doth run most swift when she has a full gale.
So are thy days, they in like manner fly.
How many little Graves maist thou espy?
Come measure now thy days, and see their length,
Number them not by years, by health nor strength.
All these uncertain rules you must refuse,
Though that's the way which most of men do use.

They

They think to live till they old aged are,
'Cauſe their progenitors long-lived were.
That Rule from *Truth* you ſee doth greatly vary,
And which Experience ſhewth is contrary.
You hear the things which you ſhould reckon by,
Things ſwift in motion, gone moſt ſpeedily.
Thy life's uncertain, Youth, 'tis but a blaſt,
Thy Sand is little, long it will not laſt,
Thy houſe though new, yet it is very old.
Gone to decay, and turning to the mould,
You'r born to die, and dead alſo you were,
Before you liv'd or breathed in the Air.
And die you muſt, before that live you do,
Except you die to live as I do ſhew.
Thy dreadful ruine, Soul, is very nigh,
Unleſs thy Tears prevent it ſpeedily.
What is thy purpoſe now, what's in thy mind?
Which way doſt think to take, how art inclin'd?

Youth.

Thy ways, Oh *Truth*, I am reſolv'd to run,
And never more will I to Folly turn.
I tremble, at the thoughts of Death and Hell,
My Soul is wounded, and my wounds do ſwell,
My pains increaſe, therefore my purpoſe now
Is far more ſtrict to be, and for to bow
Unto Chriſt Jeſus, that I may obtain
Some healing Med'cine to remove my pain
No reſt can I, ſave in my Duty find,
I unto prayer am very much inclin'd.

God

God will, I hope, theſe latter ſins forgive,
Since I more godly do intend to live:
And ſo reſolve to watch and take ſuch care,
That Satan ſhall no more my Soul inſnare.

Vicimus.

He from this day becomes a great Profeſſor,
Though far from being yet a true Poſſeſſor.
Chriſt he has got into his mouth and head,
And not internally rais'd from the dead,
But in old *Adam* ſtill does he remain,
Not knowing what 'tis to be born again,
When Satan ſees it is in vain to ſtrive,
The Soul into its former ſtate to drive.
But that it will forſake groſs wickedneſs,
And will alſo the Truths of Chriſt profeſs,
He yields thereto reſolving ſecretly,
To blind its eyes in cloſe Hypocriſie.
And ſo appears under a new diſguiſe,
Moſt ſubtilly thy Soul for to ſurprize,
Perſwading him the War which he doth find,
Daily to be within his troubled mind,
Is ſaving Grace againſt iniquity,
Which has prevail'd and got the victory;
When it is common Grace (we do ſo call)
And not the Grace that's ſupernatural.
He takes the work Legal Reformation:
For th' only work of true Regeneration,
Here he doth reſt and ſeem to be at eaſe,
When all is done his Conſcience to appeaſe.

But I'le give place to this Religious Youth,
To hear diſcourſe between him and the Truth.

Youth.

Oh! happy I, and bleſſed be the day,
That unto *Truth* and *Conſcience* I gave way.
I would not be in my old ſtate again,
If I thereby ſome thouſands might obtain.
From Wrath, and Hell, my Soul is now ſet free;
For I don't doubt, but I converted be.
The Word with power ſo to me was brought,
A glorious change within my Soul is wrought.

Truth.

Young man take heed, leſt you miſtaken are,
Converſion's hard, it is a work ſo rare,
That very few that narrow paſſage enter, (ture;
Though far that way there's thouſands do adven-
Yet miſs the mark for all their inward ſtrife,
They fall far ſhort of the new-Creature-life;
Come, let me hear your Grounds of evidence:
For I don't like your ſeeming confidence.
I doubt I ſhall find you under God's curſe,
And ſtill your Caſe as bad, if not much worſe,
Than 'twas when you did no Profeſſion make,
But did your ſwing in all Prophaneneſs take.
The *Phariſee* was a Religious man,
Yet nearer Heaven was the *Publican*.
If ſhort of Chriſt you fix or faſten do,
'Twill be your ruine and your overthrow.

Youth.

What do you mean? this Doctrin's too severe;
For all might see that I converted were.
But if my Grounds you are resolv'd to weigh,
You shall forthwith hear what I have to say;
And the first Ground which I resolve to bring,
For to evince, to clear and prove the thing,
Is from Convictions which I have of sin;
Which once I hugged and delighted in.

Truth.

Alas poor Soul! this Reason soon will fly,
For most do see their vile Iniquity.
They are convinced by their inward light,
That sin is odious in *Jehovah*'s sight.
But yet vile Sinners are nevertheless,
And don't one dram of saving Grace possess.
King *Pharaoh*, *Esau*, yea, and *Judas* too,
They were convinced of their sins (you know:)
That they were Saints, there's no Man doth be-
For all those three the Devil did deceive. (lieve;
As he beguiled them, he may likewise,
With cunning Stratagems your Soul surprise.
Nay, and he has, so far as I can judge,
Unless you do some better Reason urge,
To prove Conversion in your Soul is wrought;
I do declare your state is very nought.
How many Men under Convictions lye,
Yet never born again until they dye?

What

What haſt thou elſe to ſay and to produce,
Sith ſlight Convictions are of little uſe?

Youth.

I do not onely ſee my ſin, but I
Do mourn and grieve for ſin continually.
And thoſe which ſo do mourn they bleſſed are,
Don't you alſo the ſelf-ſame thing declare?

Truth.

Nay hold a little, thou may'ſt weep amain;
And yet in thee may many evils reign.
And thou may'ſt mourn for ſin, as many do,
Becauſe of ſhame, of bitter pain, and wo,
Which now it brings and leads unto i'th end,
And not becauſe thereby you do offend
The living God, and wound your Saviour, who
Did for your ſake ſuch torment undergo.
Mourn more for th' evil which doth come thereby;
Than for the evil which in it doth ly.
This ground is weak, for *Eſau*, it appears,
Did mourn and weep, and let fall bitters tears:
And yet you know that *Eſau* was prophane,
And far was he from being born again.

Youth.

But I go further yet, I do confeſs,
My horrid evils, and my guiltineſs;
If I confeſs my ſins, as I have done,
God he is juſt, and is the faithful One;

Who will my sins forgive and pardon quite,
And blot them out of his own precious sight.
This being so, what cause then can you see,
But that I'me turn'd from my Iniquity?

Truth.

This will not do, 'tis not a certain ground;
Some do confess their sins whose heart's unsound.
When *Pharaoh* saw the Judgement of the Hail,
His heart began then greatly for to fail.
I've sin'd this time, the Lord is just, said he,
I, and my People (also) wicked be.
Though *Pharaoh*, *Saul*, and *Judas*, each of them,
God did reject, and utterly condemn;
Yet these, when under wrath, are forc'd to cry,
Lord we have sin'd; their Conscience so did fly
Into their Faces, that it made them quake,
And unto God Confession strait to make.
Confession may be made also in part;
And not of ev'ry sin that's in the heart.
Men may confess their sin, and their great guilt.
Who the dire nature of it never felt.
Confess their sins in their extremity,
When Conscience pinches them most bitterly.
Confess their sins which they committed have,
Yet don't intend those cursed sins to leave.

Youth.

But I confess, and also do forsake,
My state therefore, 'tis clear, you do mistake;

Thoſe who confeſs and do their ſins foregoe,
God will to them his precious Mercy ſhow.
Therefore don't trouble me, 'tis very plain,
I for my part am truly born again.

Truth.

In this alſo you may deceived be,
Men may forſake all groſs iniquity;
Yet in their Souls may ſome ſweet morſel lye,
Which they may hug and keep cloſe ſecretly.
They may ſin leave, but not as it is ſin;
Which has too often manifeſted bin.
If the leaſt ſin thou didſt forſake aright,
All ſin would then be odious in thy ſight.
Judgement and Reaſon may your ſins oppoſe,
And utterly refuſe with them to cloſe;
Yet may thy will and thy affections joyn,
To favour ſtill and love thoſe ſins of thine.
If ſin's not out of thy affection caſt,
Thou wilt appear an Hypocrite at laſt.
If ſin's i'th' will and in th' affections found,
'Tis a true ſign thy heart is quite unſound.
Like to the Seaman, ſome Profeſſors do,
Who over-board ſome Goods are forc'd to throw,
When they do meet with ſtorms & with bad wea-
Leſt all their Goods & Ship do ſink together. (ther,
When in the Soul great ſtorms and tempeſts riſe,
The Devil then may ſubtilly adviſe
The Soul to throw ſome of its ſins away,
To make a Calm, that ſo thereby he may

Perſwade the Soul the danger is quite gone,
And, that the work in him is fully done.
'T is not enough therefore ſome ſins to leave,
But every ſin you muſt reſolve to heave
And caſt o're-board, yea, and that willingly,
Or elſe you ſink to all Eternity.
Not by conſtraint as *Conſcience* doth compel,
As ſome are forc'd to do who like it well;
Who leave the Act, but love to it retain:
Such leave their ſins, and yet their ſins remain.

Youth.

Theſe are hard ſayings which you do relate,
And I indeed ſhould queſtion my eſtate
Were't not for other grounds and reaſons clear,
By which I know that I converted were.
Sir! there's in me a very glorious change,
Moſt Men admire it, and do think it ſtrange,
That one who lately did both ſcoff and jear
Thoſe Men and People, which I now do hear;
And follow'd Vice and ev'ry vanity,
Should on a ſudden thus reformed be:
And utterly my ſelf alſo deny,
Of my ſweet joys, and former Company,

Truth.

From outward filthineſs a Man may turn,
And not be chang'd in heart when he has done,
A legal change I grant he may be under,
Yet may not Soul and Self be cut aſunder.

An

An outward change in Men there may be wrought,
And yet their hearts within be very nought.
The Swine that wallows in the mire now,
May waſhed be, but ſtill remains a Sow.
Perſons may cleanſe the out-ſide of the Cup,
And Dogs may ſpew their naſty Vomit up;
But yet do keep their beaſtly Nature ſtill,
And e're a while they manifeſt it will.
Many Profeſſors fall away and dy,
For want of being changed thorowly.
The *Phariſee* was chang'd, he did appear
As if indeed a precious Saint he were;
And differ'd quite from the poor *Publican*,
And thought himſelf a far more happy Man.
But all this was in ſhew, and not in heart;
And therefore had in Chriſt no ſhare nor part.
Except your Righteouſneſs doth his excel,
You in no wiſe ſhall in God's Kingdom dwell.
'Tis a falſe change, and cannot be a true,
Unleſs in you all things are wholly new.
Old *Herod* will reform in many things,
When once he finds his Conſcience bites & ſtings;
To hear *John Baptiſt* alſo was he led,
Yet afterwards depriv'd him of his Head.
So far this ſeeming-Saint was turn'd aſide,
That he alſo your Saviour did deride;
And with his Men of War ſet him at nought,
Whilſt Accuſations they againſt him ſought.
Simon the Sorcerer, alſo you read,
Was changed ſo, he gave great care and heed.

To *Philip's* Preachings; yea, and suddenly
He leaves his Witch-crafts and his Sorcery;
And yet a curſed Caitife all the while,
Like a Sepulchre painted, inward vile.
Another Man in ſhew 'tis like thou art,
Yet not made new, and changed in thy heart.
Men in thy Life may no great blemiſh ſpy,
Yet in thy breaſt much rottenneſs may ly.
Toward all men thy Conſcience may be clear,
Conſcience ſo far may for thee witneſs bear,
That you in Morals it do not offend;
Yet unto God it may not you commend:
But contrar'wiſe it in your face may fly,
And you condemn for ſin continually;
For ſecret evils which it's privy too,
Which none knows of, ſave only God and you.
Therefore, Oh! Young man, if you look about,
Of your Converſion you have cauſe to doubt.
Satan ſo greatly may your heart deceive,
That not one dram of Grace your Soul may have
Which ſaving is, and of the pureſt kind,
For that, alas! there's very few do find.

Youth.

But I am call'd of God, and do obey
The Voice of *Truth* and *Conſcience* every day.
God's called Ones I'me ſure you can't deny,
But they are ſuch whom he doth Juſtifie:
Therefore 'tis clear and very evident,
That Grace alone hath made me penitent.

My

My heart is ſound, my Graces true alſo,
My Confidence there's none ſhall overthrow.

Truth.

Thou ſeem'ſt too confident, 'tis a bad ſign;
For fears attend where ſaving Grace doth ſhine.
I tell thee Youth, that many called be;
But few are choſen from Eternity.
Judas was call'd, and did obey in part,
And yet he was a Devil in his heart.
There is an outward, and an inward Call,
The latter only is effectual.
Therefore you muſt produce ſome better ground,
For this don't prove that your Converſion's ſound;
But that thou may'ſt ſtick faſt ſtill in the birth,
Or prove Abortive when thou art brought forth.
'Tis rare, Oh Youth! for to be born anew;
And hard to find out when the work is true.

Youth.

Though it be ſo, what cauſe have I to fear,
When that my Evidences are ſo clear?
I do believe, and truſt in God through Faith,
And he which ſo doth do, the witneſs hath
Within himſelf, and ſhall aſſuredly
Be ſaved alſo when he comes to dy.

Truth.

Thou mayſt believe as moſt of People do,
And yet to Hell at laſt thy Soul may go.

The Faith of Credence it is like you have,
Which cannot quicken, purifie or ſave.
Some *Jews* believ'd in Chriſt you alſo find,
Yet to their Luſts their hearts were then inclin'd;
And out of Satans Kingdom were not freed,
Nor made Diſciples of the Lord indeed.
Simon the Sorcerer, he did believe;
Yet did his Soul no ſaving Grace receive:
But was a Child of Satan ne're the leſs,
And ſtill was in the Gall of bitterneſs.
The ſtony ground with joy receiv'd the ſeed,
And for a time brought forth, as you may read;
And yet their hearts they were but hearts of ſtone,
Their Faith was temporary, ſoon 'twas gone,
The *Devils do believe* as well as you,
Yea, and confeſs that Jeſus they do know;
They tremble alſo, which ſome Men can't ſay,
They ever did unto this preſent day.
Such Faith as Devils have, moſt Men obtain,
Which ſerves for nought, ſave to augment their pain.
If on a Death-bed *Conſcience* do awake,
'Twill cauſe them then to tremble and to quake,
And roar like Devils when they do eſpy,
The dreadful wrath of that great Majeſty,
Whom they offended, and againſt their Light,
And knowledge too, moſt wickedly did ſlight.
This Faith will ſerve their grief to aggravate,
But not to help them out of that eſtate.
'Tis eaſie to believe that Chriſt did dy;
But hard his blood in Truth for to apply.

Men

Men may raiſe up the dead to life again,
As eaſie as true ſaving Faith obtain
By their own Power, an inherent skill,
Nought doth oppoſe it more than Mans own will;
Untill Almighty Power makes it bend,
'Twill not to Grace, nor Jeſus condeſcend.
That Pow'r which rais'd up Jeſus from the dead,
Works Faith in Saints, whereby they'r quickened:
The Faith of Credence, and Hyſtorical,
Is eaſie had, I ne're deny it ſhall;
But precious Faith, the Faith of God's Elect,
As 'tis a Grace, and gloriouſly bedeckt
With other Graces, ſo, 'twill never grow
But in the honeſt heart, where God doth ſow
The bleſſed Seed, which, like a Garden pure,
Doth yield its fruits to th' laſt, you may be ſure.
And when this Faith is wrought in any Soul,
It throws down ſelf, and wholly then doth rowl
On Jeſus Chriſt, as its beloved one,
On whom it reſts, and doth depend alone.
If God hath wrought this precious Grace in thee,
Sin thou doſt hate, yea, all Iniquity;
And Luſt doth not predominate and reign,
If thou by Faith art truly born again.
Chriſt thou exalt'ſt as he is Prieſt and King,
And as thy Prophet too in every thing:
He does in thee wholly the Scepter ſway,
And thou art govern'd by him every day.
Sin can't prevail, ſuch is thy happy caſe,
If thou haſt got this rare victorious Grace:

It

It purges and doth purifie thy heart,
Wholly renewing thee in every part.
Men by its fruits true Faith do come to know,
And by their works the ſame do alſo ſhow;
What Faith is thine? what think'ſt thou now of it?
I greatly fear 'twill prove a counterfeit.
Examine thy Eſtate, and take good heed,
To cloſe with Jeſus Chriſt, and that with ſpeed.
For as th' Body without the Spirit's dead;
The ſame of Faith you know is alſo ſed.
Without Obedience doth thy Faith attend;
Yet for all this you'l periſh in the end.

Youth.

I am obedient, and am free to joyn
In fellowſhip with Saints, ſuch Faith is mine:
I willing am to do, as to believe;
The Devil can't therefore my Soul deceive.
For I have clos'd with Chriſt already ſo,
That none my Faith ſhall ever overthrow.
The many Prayers I make both day and night,
Do doubtleſs prove that my Converſion's right.

Truth.

I tell thee Soul, Men may do more than this,
And yet they may of true Converſion miſs.
God's Ordinances many do obey,
And Members of God's holy Church are they.
And of its Privileges ſeem to ſhare,
As if that they truly Converted were.

They

They may diſcourſe, and ſeem to be devout,
And may not be diſcerned, nor found out.
They with the Flock may walk, lie down and feed
And ſo remain till many years ſucceed:
Nay, not diſcovered be until they ſtand
Amongſt the Goats at Jeſus Chriſts left-hand.
The fooliſh Virgins joyn'd themſelves with wiſe,
And for to meet the Bridegroom did ariſe:
But e're the Bridegroom came their caſe was ſad,
For they nought elſe ſave empty Veſſels had.
A bare Profeſſion, and a meer out-ſide;
And did no Oyl, no ſaving Grace provide.
Many great Preachers, and Diſputers too,
Chriſt will not own, nor any favour ſhew;
Though in his Name they mighty works have done,
He'l ſay to them, *ye wicked ones, be gone,*
I know you not, therefore be gone from me
All you vile workers of Iniquity.
You ſay oft-times you ſeek the Lord in Prayer;
That you may do, and let fall many a tear,
And yet not be in a converted ſtate:
For many ſeek with tears when 'tis too late.
Others like Seamen, in a ſtorm do cry,
When *Conſcience* doth rebuke them bitterly.
And ſome under Affliction cry and howl,
And grievouſly their ſtate do then condole;
Then Promiſes and Reſolutions make,
That they ſuch Courſes will no longer take:
But when the ſtorm and the affliction's o're,
They are as bad, nay worſer than before.

Some

Some Pray in Form, and others Pray by Art,
And some to mend the badness of their Heart;
Their hearts are wounded, and then speedily,
Their Pray'rs to heal it, they do straight apply.
They sin i'th day, and Pray when it is night;
They sin again, but Pray'r doth heal it quite.
They think 'tis well if Tears they can let fall,
Their Prayers and Tears they think will cure all.
And so that way poor *Conscience* they beguile,
They silence him; yet sinners all the while.
Their Pray'rs, alas! can't wash their filth away,
Though they do nothing else both night and day.
'Tis on their prayers they rest, and do depend;
Which like a broken staff will fail i'th' end
A Saint in Prayer, no rest nor ease can gain,
Unless Christs blood thereby he doth obtain:
And Grace also his sins to mortify,
For Christ, as well as Pardon, he doth cry.
But contrariwise it is with most of Men,
They cry for Pardon, but do also then
In their vile hearts regard iniquity;
And for this cause God doth their suit deny.
Their Prayers are to God abomination,
Whil'st they do hide and cover their transgression.
Some out of Custom do perform their Prayer,
Not out of Conscience, or from godly care,
And others also for vain-glory sake,
Like *Pharisees*, they many Prayers make.
In sight of Men, in Publick such will pray,
But in the Closet little have to say.

And

And ſome to God alſo ſeem to draw near,
Yet not in love, nor out of filial fear, (ſhow,
They with their mouths & tongues much kindneſs
When as their hearts are fixt on things below.
'Tis for the heart which Chriſt doth chiefly call,
And reaſon 'tis that he ſhould have it all.
For he the ſame did buy and purchaſe dear,
Yet Satan has the chief poſſeſſion there.
God at the door, and in the porch doth ſtand,
While Satan may the braveſt room command.
They'lope to him, and keep *Jehovah* out,
And yet in Pray'r they ſeem to be devout.
There's ſome will pray, and up this Duty keep,
When th' Soul is quite, and th' Body near aſleep.
VVho ever prays, and prays not fervently,
In Faith, in Truth, and in Sincerity;
Their Prayers are ſin, and them God will not hear,
Nor mind their cry when they to him draw near.
'Tis not enough a Duty for to know,
But how alſo each Duty you ſhould do:
For Men may Pray, Read, Hear, and Meditate;
And yet be in an unconverted ſtate.
They outwardly may many Truths profeſs,
But not in heart the pow'r of them poſſeſs.
The Law i'th' Letter keep, yea have the ſhell;
Yet feeds on huſks, and want the true kernel.
The Young-man which to Jeſus Chriſt did run,
He many things as well as you had done;
And yet fell ſhort, as you may plainly ſee,
Of the chief part of true Chriſtianity.

VVhat

What ſay ye now, O Youth, do you not fear,
That you by Satan much deceived are?
Have you no *Dalila* which ſecretly
Doth in your heart, or in your boſom ly?
Don't you to ſin ſome ſecret love retain?
If it be ſo, you are not born again.
Conſcience I fear, and God's reſtraining Grace,
Has only ſtopt you in your former race.
Like to a Dog that's kept up by a Chain,
So *Conſcience* does from ſin oft times reſtrain.
But if the Chain ſhould ſlip, then looſe he goes;
And preſently his churliſh nature ſhows.
To your own Righteouſneſs do you not truſt?
I fear you do, come ſpeak, or *Conſcience* muſt.
Don't you conclude God is oblig'd to you,
Since you have let ſo many evils go?
And are ſo holy here of late become,
Are not your duties ſet up in the room
And place of Chriſt? Oh! ſee you do not make
A Saviour of your own (for Jeſus ſake)
Did ever ſin, ſinful to you appear?
And, as 'tis ſin, to it great hatred bear:
Would you not ſin, were there no Hell of pain,
Becauſe you know the Lord doth it diſdain?
Rather, is't not from fear of puniſhment,
That you of late ſeem thus for to relent?
Or, doth there not ſome carnal baſe deſign,
Move thee ſo far unto God's Truth to joyn?
Is not thy end to get a name thereby?
Or only done, *Conſcience* to ſatisfie?

Or done to free thee from reproach and ſhame,
Which ſin doth bring upon a Perſon's Name?
Ha'ſt not it done, and wiſely caſt about
This way, for to prevent a bankerout?
Or done for to augment thy outward ſtore,
To ſave thy ſtock, and add unto it more?
For Riotous Living which attends thy Age,
Conſumes a pace, and want it doth preſage.
Come ſpeak, O Youth, and be thou not unfree,
To let me underſtand how 'tis with thee.
Come, call to mind what thou haſt heard of late,
And thereby judge of this thy preſent ſtate.

Youth.

I do not ſee but my condition's good,
I have ſuch hope & Faith in Chriſt's dear blood:
Though many imperfections I do ſee,
Yet God is gracious, and will pardon me.
For many failings there is in the beſt:
What is amiſs, I'le mend, and ſo do reſt.

Truth.

Thy Hope will fail like to the Spider's webb,
Thy flood of Confidence will have its ebb,
If thou prove guilty of thoſe things which I,
Did unto thee ſo lately ſignifie.
Thy ſpots will not be like the ſpots of thoſe,
Which God for Children to himſelf hath choſe.
And ſince you are ſo loth for to be try'd,
And leſt you ſhould alſo ſome evils hide;

To *Conſcience* i'll appeal, you have done wrong,
To ſtop his mouth and hinder him ſo long:
He's ſo inlightened now he can declare,
As much as we at preſent need to hear.
He'll ſpeak the truth, and his opinion ſhow,
And nothing will he hide which he doth know.
If unto him you will attend with care,
Of other witneſſes no need is there.
If he, O Young-man, be but on your ſide.
And is your Friend, you need none elſe provide.
But if againſt you, and do prove your Foe,
With vengeance then be ſure down you will go.
But if you will not hear what he ſhall ſay,
He'll make you tremble in the Judgement day.

Conſcience, I do i'th' Name of the great King,
Require you forth your evidence to bring
Againſt this Man, accuſe, or ſet him free,
According as you find his ſtate to be:
Stand up for Chriſt your dread & Soveraign Lord,
And Judge for him as he doth Light afford.
Be not deceiv'd by Luſt, a Bribe to take,
But Judge by Law; Chriſt's honour lies at ſtake.
For to ſpeak home and loud have you forgot?
Is he converted now, or is he not?
What do you ſay? your Teſtimony give:
Is all ſin dead, or doth there any live?
Is he new born, and chang'd in every part?
Or is't in ſhew only, and not in heart?

Conſcience.

Sir, ſay no more, I am at your Command,
And you ſhall hear how things at preſent ſtand:
He hath, *O Truth*, almoſt deceived me
By's late pretences unto Sanctity:
But having now a freſh receiv'd more light,
I muſt declare he is an Hypocrite.
He's not renew'd or truly born again,
Which I to you ſhall clearly now explain.
For, firſt of all, his Faculty, call'd Will,
That is perverſe and very wicked ſtill;
Though I ſtir up to good every hour,
Will doth oppoſe it with his greateſt pow'r.
He'll never pray in private day nor night:
But I muſt force him to't with all my might.
The old man is not ſlain I do eſpy,
But has much favour ſhown him ſecretly.
Though I do force him into holes to run,
Yet he doth nouriſh him when all is done.
His Love and his Affections are for ſin,
And ſo in truth they ever yet have bin.
He's troubl'd more at ſin becauſe of guilt,
Than at the *Odium* of its curſed filth
When he's abroad amongſt Religious Men,
Preciſe and Zealous he is always then:
But when amongſt ſuch who ungodly be,
He ſuits himſelf to their vile company.
Some ſins are left which Men condemn as groſs,
Yet one he keeps, and hugs it very cloſe:

Luſt doth bear rule and much predominate,
And he on it doth love to ruminate.
'Tis ſhame and outward fear doth him reſtrain,
Or elſe the act he would commit again.
If he from outward blots can keep his Name,
That Saints can't him accuſe nor juſtly blame,
He's ſatisfied, and very well content,
Though to his Peace I never gave conſent.
Peace he oft-times doth ſpeak unto his Soul,
And ſcarce will ſuffer me him to controul.
When I ſometimes do catch him in a lye,
And do reprove him for Hypocriſie:
To ſtop my Mouth he vowes he will with ſpeed
Amend what is amiſs, and take more heed.
And more than this of him I could relate,
And ſhew how you have hit his preſent ſtate:
But that he will not ſuffer me to ſpeak,
He blinds my eyes, that ſo I might not rake
Into his heart and life, leſt he thereby
Meets with great ſhame for his iniquity.

Truth.

Conſcience, forbear, you need not to inlarge;
If you do lay theſe things unto his charge.
He is undone, alas! his pretious Soul
Is under wrath, who can enough condole
His ſad eſtate! the Goſpel he'l profeſs,
But ſtill remains i'th gall of bitterneſs.
Is this the Saint which ſeemed ſo preciſe,
And did appear God's Statutes much to prize?

A Saint in ſhew, a Devil in his heart;
And muſt with Devils alſo have his part.
The day is coming, and is very near,
When Hypocrits ſhall be ſurpr z'd with fear;
The everlaſting burning fiery Lake,
Is made more hot on purpoſe for their ſake.
But ſince you are not fear'd, nor I yet gone,
Before we leave him quite, do you go on:
Let us purſue him ſtill, for who doth know
What God may yet upon his Spirit do?
If God grant him one dram of ſaving Grace,
That will yet do; though 'tis a doubtful caſe,
Whether or no God will his Grace afford
To ſuch as he, who thus offend the Lord.
For ſuch whom Satan doth this way deceive,
'Tis hard to bring truly for to believe.
He never was convinced thorowly,
Of Sin, and of his nat'ral miſery.
His loſt eſtate he truly never ſaw,
Nor what it is for to tranſgreſs God's Law.
How he's undone thereby he never knew,
Nor what for ſin original is due.
And as he did for ſin ne're kindly bleed;
So of a Chriſt he never ſaw the need.
Th' abſolute want and great neceſſity
Of Jeſus Chriſt, he never did eſpy:
But on falſe bottoms he has built 'tis clear;
I do conjure you therefore to declare
Him utterly unclean from top to toe,
And let him underſtand you are his Foe.

The Plaugue is in his head, and no place free,
But in his heart it rages vehemently.
Lance him unto the quick, and make him feel,
Lay on ſuch blows as may cauſe him to reel.

Conſcience.

Come, come, O Young-man, liſten unto me,
I will no longer thus deceived be.
I from God's Word Commiſſion have anew,
To tell thee what is like for to enſue;
For all thy hopes and ſeeming goodly ſhow,
Thou art a wretched ſinner thou doſt know.
Think'ſt thou on *Conſcience* to commit a Rape,
And yet God's dreadful vengeance to eſcape?
Dar'ſt thou again under a new diſguiſe,
Encounter with thy former Enemies?
You are the ſame I am ſure although you have
Changed your Coat, poor Mortals to deceive.
Ungodly wretch! doſt thou not dread my Name,
Who'm come once more againſt thee to proclaim
A ſecond War, and to declare alſo,
God's ſtill thy Enemy and bitter Foe.
His Sword is whet, his Bow he'l alſo bend,
To cut down thoſe that do, like thee offend.
Nought he hates more than vile Hypocriſy,
And from his Preſence, Youth, thou canſt not fly.

Youth.

Conſcience, be ſtill, though I a ſinner be,
There's none doth know it now ſave only thee.

Conſcience

Conſcience.

Deceived Soul! doth none know it but I?
Where's the great God, is he not alſo nigh?
Doſt think, vain Youth, the interpoſing Cloud,
From God's all-ſearching Eye can be a ſhroud?
Or doſt thou think God's Seat is ſo on high,
That he cannot thy inward thoughts eſpy?
None know't but me! know'ſt thou not who I am?
Have I not pow'r for to accuſe, and damn?
Should I be ſtill, it would be a ſad day,
Unleſs thy ſins were purged clean away.
And whilſt I ſpeak, and thou doſt ſtop thine Ear,
Nothing but War and Tumults thou wilt hear.
I'le never ſide with thee, nor take thy part,
Whilſt horrid guilt remains in thy baſe heart.
Nor would I mind thy flattery or frown,
Wert thou the higheſt Prince of great'ſt Renown.
That ever did on Earth a Scepter ſway,
Before thy face I would thy evils lay.
At th' ſmalleſt ſin before I can't connive;
And therefore with me 'tis in vain to ſtrive.
For where I am an Enemy indeed,
I'le plague that heart until I make it bleed,
A cloſe and ſecret Foe, Young-man, am I,
Who am alſo with thee continually.
What e're you think or ſpeak, yea, act or do,
Of it (poor Soul) I very well do know:
Thy ſecret Luſt, and what is done i'th' night,
Which thou aſhamed art ſhould come to light.

I then am nigh, and know it very well,
And more than this I am resolv'd to tell;
I unto thee shall prove an Enemy,
When thou art brought into Adversity;
When death and sickness comes, then thou shalt
How thou with horror shalt amazed be. (see
Then my black Bill against thee will be large,
For then against thee I will bring a Charge,
Which will make thy sad face like Ashes look,
And wound thy Soul as if a Knife was struck
Into thy very heart, and make thee mourn,
And curse the day that ever thou wast born.
I'le make thee understand (clearly) i'th' end,
VVhat 'tis (vile wretch) poor *Conscience* to offend.
Heark once again, for I have more to say;
VVhen this life's ended, there's another day.
Look now about thee, Youth, for there's to come,
The black, the dark, and dreadful day of Doom.
VVhen thou dost dye, I'le bite and sting thy Soul,
Whilst that in flames doth burn and doth condole
Its damned state for yielding unto sin,
VVhich has alone the ruine of it bin.
And also when i'th' Judgement Day you stand
Amongst the Goats at Jesus Christ's left hand,
Thy dreadful state and tryal for to hear,
Then I against thee straitway must appear;
Yea, and shall speak more plain than now I can,
Because I'me clouded by the Fall of Man;
And am by Satan oftentimes misled,
And utterly unable rendered

A true and right deciſion for to make,
He ſo beguiles me that I do miſtake,
And a wrong Judgement oftentimes retain,
Till *Truth* ſets me into the right again.
But Satan then ſhall no more power have,
The heart of any Man for to deceive.
I in that day ſhall you provoke and urge,
For to confeſs with ſhame before the Judge,
Thy evil Luſt and cloſe Hypocriſie,
Unto thy own Eternal miſery.
I ſhall accuſe thee ſo in that great Day,
Thou ſhalt not have one word (Young-man) to ſay,
Thy inward parts ſo opened then ſhall be,
That nothing ſhall be hid i'th' leaſt from me,
And I before the dreadful Judge ſhall ſhow,
All ſecret things that ever you did do;
And in your face ſo fiercely alſo flv,
That you with horror ſhall be forc'd to cry,
Guilty, guilty, O Lord! then thou muſt hear
The dreadful Sentence, which no one can bear;
Go, go, ye Curſed! that's a word of ire,
And you muſt down into Eternal fire,
VVhere Hypocrits and Unbelievers lye,
Broyling in pain to all Eternity.
And as the fire evermore will burn,
And thou from thence ſhalt never more return:
So I alſo ſhall then affl ct thy Soul,
VVhilſt thou in ſcalding Sulphur flames doſt roul.
I like a VVorm, or Serpent, then will Lite,
And gnaw thy Soul, thou curſed Hypocrite.

Thoſe

Thoſe inward ſtings which always thou wilt find,
Or cruel gnawings in thy torrur'd mind.
Will then increaſe and aggravate thy woe,
In ſuch a ſort there is no Tongue can ſhow.
You then will think how you did me abuſe,
And my good Counſel utterly refuſe.
And how you labour'd to put out my Light,
Who in God's paths would lead your feet aright.
Your baſe delays and put-offs you'l repent.
And that your time ſo fooliſhly was ſpent:
That you for love which unto Luſt you bore,
Should loſe your Soul, and that for evermore.
To think how near you were unto Salvation,
Will prove another grievous aggravation:
To bid ſo fair for Heaven, yet to miſs;
What greater trouble can there be than this?
To ſee the Ship i'th' mouth o'th' Haven loſt,
That doth, ye know, perplex the Merchant moſt.
I'le tell you alſo how you wilfully
Brought on your ſelf that dreadful miſery:
And how I did oftimes to you declare,
The bitter torments which you then muſt bear:
And what your Pride and Luſt would bring you to,
If you did not reſolve to let them go.
Ah! thou wilt ſee how thou art quite undone,
And how all hopes for evermore are gone.
Thoughts of thoſe golden Seaſons once you had,
And vainly loſt, will then be very ſad.
Thou might'ſt, hadſt thou improv'd the means of
Beheld with Saints God's reconciled face (Grace,

And

And enter'd Paradiſe, where Angels ſing
Anthems of Joy to the Eternal King:
Thou might'ſt have ſung to him melodious Pſalms
With thoſe whoſe hands ſhall bear triumphant Palms;
Who with Eternal Love ſhall raviſh'd be,
Reigning with Chriſt to all Eternity.
Heaven is a place whoſe glory doth excel;
The thouſand part of it no tongue can tell.
Man's heart (*Truth ſays*) cannot i'th' leaſt conceive
What thoſe ſhall have who truly do believe.
Who would loſe Chriſt and his immortal treaſure?
For one baſe Luſt and moments time of pleaſure?
But if what's ſaid of Heav'n will not invite thee,
Then let hell torments with black vengeance fright thee
And make thee y'eld to *truth* without delays, (thee
Before God put's a period to thy days.
As Eye can neither ſee, nor Tongue expreſs
The glory which God's Saints in Heav'n poſſeſs:
So there's no Man which can conceive the woe,
That Souls ſhut up in Hell do undergo
If Men could number all the Stars of Heaven,
Or count the Duſt which with the wind is driven;
Or tell the drops of water in the Seas,
Or count the Sands; then might a man with eaſe
Declare the nature of that dreadful pain,
Which damned Souls for ever muſt ſuſtain.
But Stars, nor Duſt, nor Drops, nor Sands can be
Number'd by any Man, neither can he
Expreſs the nature of God's dreadful ire,
Which Soul's lye under in Eternal fire.

In

In Hell all's darkneſs, not one beam of Light:
What's greater ſorrow than Eternal Night?
In Hell all's Death, and yet there is no dying,
Nought there is heard but a moſt hideous crying.
Their pains end not, from it there's no exemption,
Their cries admit no help, there's no redemption,
Nor none to pity them, nor hear their groans,
Whilſt they do make their lamentable moans.
The Lord who dy'd will then rejoyce to ſee,
Vengeance pour'd forth upon thoſe Souls that be
Veſſels of Wrath, who for rejecting Grace
Muſt have their portion in that doleful place.
No Earthly pain or torment can declare,
The woful Anguiſh which the Damned bear:
For if thoſe Plagues could be defin'd by Men,
Infinite puniſhment 'twould not be then.
Infinite Wrath it is to ſatisfie;
And God, be ſure, will Juſtice magnifie.
Didſt thou but hear the groans and hideous cry
Of Souls condemned to Eternity,
How would it ſcare, and cauſe thy Heart to ake,
And every limb of thee tremble and quake!
Think, think on this, before the time doth come
That God doth paſs on thee thy final Doom.

Truth.

What ſay'ſt thou now? how can'ſt thou ſleep in (peace,
Until theſe inward gripes of *Conſcience* ceaſe?
How can'ſt thou think i'th' leaſt thy ſtate is good,
When *Conſcience* ſwels & makes ſo great a flood?

Or

Or raiſes ſtorms and tempeſts in thy breaſt?
Becauſe of ſin he will not let thee reſt.
Come, make a ſearch, *Conſcience* is not miſled,
The very Truth before you he has ſpread.
VVhat will you do at death and Judgement Day,
If *Conſcience* thus you ſlight and diſobey?
Make peace with God, for worſer are his cryes,
Than if ten thouſand witneſſes ſhould riſe
Againſt thy Soul; 'twill be a dreadful thing
To have thy Conſcience then to bite and ſting.

Youth.

Some comfort, *Truth*, alas my Soul doth melt,
Such gripes as theſe what Man has ever felt?
I have ſome doubt my ſtate is very nought,
And that Converſion is not truly wrought.
My heart condemns me, and doth me reprove;
'Tis thou alone which can my grief remove.

Truth.

Before you have a Plaiſter for your ſore,
Your wound muſt yet be ſearch'd a little more:
If ſlightly heal'd only for preſent eaſe,
The Remedy's as bad as the Diſeaſe.
Doſt know what time thou didſt this wound receive
'Tis worſer far, I fear, than you believe:
'Tis deep, it ſtinks, yea, and 'tis venemous;
And doth expoſe thee to God's dreadful Curſe.
The ſting or dart ſticks faſt too in thy Liver,
VVhich doth thy ſmart and bitter pains procure.

Thy

Thy ſtate is bad, thou haſt thy mortal wound,
No Limb, or any part of thee, is ſound.
If thou couldſt live, and never more offend,
Yet by the Law thy Soul is quite condemn'd.
If from all actual ſin you ſhould be clear,
Yet by the Law you ſtill moſt guilty are
Of former Crimes, Treaſon and Fellony,
And juſtice doth aloud for Vengeance cry,
Nor will ſhe Pardon or Reprieve give forth
To any Sinner living on the Earth.
Againſt thee too the Sentence is forth gone,
And th' Day of Execution doth draw on;
Nought is between thee and eternal Death;
But ſome ſhort hours of uncertain breath.
Sin is ſo vile, and Juſtice ſo ſevere,
That in the leaſt 'twould not *Chriſt Jeſus* ſpare;
But Juſtice he muſt fully ſatisfie,
Who came to be man's bleſt Security.
And ſince in Chriſt thou haſt no ſhare nor part,
See what a ſelf-condemed Soul thou art.

Youth.

O curſed Sin! is this my ſad condition.
Truth I believe hath made a right deciſion.
I have my Soul deceived all along,
Though in my heart Convictions oft were ſtrong.
Oh! horrid Luſt, and baſe deceitful Devil,
Is this the fruit of your ſweet-pleaſing evil?
And thou falſe World, what art thou now to me?
For I alas I am ruined by thee.

O

O whether ſhall I fly? what path untrod?
For to eſcape th' incenſed wrath of God?
Will none for me ſome ſecret place provide,
Where I from flaming Vengeance cloſe may hide.

Truth.

Vain is all this, for none can find a place
To hide from God (ſuch is thy bitter caſe)
If to the ends of all the Earth you fly,
Vengeance will you purſue with *Hue* and *Cry*:
If you ſhould take a ſudden haſty flight,
To ſeek ſome ſhelter in the ſhades of Night;
'Twould alſo fail thee, though it ſhould be done:
For unto God Darkneſs and Light is one.
Or, if thou couldſt ſome ſolid Rock eſpy,
To hide thee from God's dreadful Majeſty.
Can Rocks, doſt think, prevent, yea, or reſtrain
The ſtroke of Juſtice, and not fly in twain?
There is no Sea, nor Shade, nor Rock, nor Cave
Which can from Vengeance ſhelter thee or ſave.
The Sea would part, the hardeſt Rock will ſplit:
Where Juſtice aims, her fiery Darts muſt hit.
Canſt thou eſcape, alas! what place is there
To hide from him who's preſent ev'ry where?

Youth.

Oh *Truth!* what ſhall I do, how can I ſtand,
Or bear theſe tortures of God's heavy hand?
My Spirit may infirmities ſuſtain,
But who can bear this inward cutting pain.

Is there no help, no Salve to heal my Wound;
What, no Physitian for me to be found!
Will Tears nor Prayers no help at all afford,
Watchings, Fastings, nor Hearing of the Word?
Or if that I could live and sin no more,
O what is sin, and what's my Gangrene sore!
O what's the nature of iniquity,
If nought my Soul can cleanse or purifie?
Rivers of Oyl, much Gold, or Earthly Wealth,
Will not redeem my Soul, nor purchase health.
Ah! I am lost! the cause is truly so,
I am undone, and know not what to do!
Have you no word of Comfort now for me?
Oh! must I dye in this extremity?

Truth.

Dost find thy self sick at the very heart?
And doth my searchings make thy Wounds to smart
Doth sin, as sin, upon thy Spirit ly?
And doth its weight and burden make thee cry?
Dost know thy Wound is Epidemical?
And that for thee there is no help at all
By Law nor Levite? dost thou see thy loss,
And thy own Righteousness to be but dross?

Youth.

I know not what to say, I am in doubt
Some sin is hid, which yet I can't find out.
My heart is deep and very traiterous;
Every day I find it worse and worse.

I grieve for sin, and yet I am in dread
That I in sin am greatly hardened.
Yet this, O *Truth*, I hope is wrought in me,
Sin I do hate as 'tis Iniquity.
I would not Christ offend nor grieve again,
Were there no Hell or place of future pain:
O that e're I against the Lord should sin,
Who has to me so good and gracious bin!
Against the Lord, against the Lord alone,
Have I this horrid evil often done.
Oh! I do see that I in sin am dead,
And my iniquity's gone o're my head,
As a great burden which I cannot bear,
Oh! that I might but of a Saviour hear.
All my own Righteousness I prize no more
Than stinking refuse of a Common-shore.

Truth.

Come Youth, chear up, if this be so indeed,
I tell thee then Christ for thy Soul did bleed.
Glad tydings now I unto thee do bring,
There's Mercy for thee in the Heav'nly King.
Christ to appease God's Wrath did hither come,
And I am sent by him to call thee home.
Rise up, rise up, his blood for to apply,
And thou shalt soon be healed perfectly.

Youth.

Ah! could I but believe what thou dost say
Unto my Soul, 'twould be a joyful day.

Alas! on me a mighty burden lies,
I cannot ſtir, nor power have to riſe.
Can *Lazarus*, who in the grave doth lye,
Death's cruel Fetters and ſtrong Bands unty?
Can he awake? what pow'r has he to ſtrive,
When dead, and ſtinks? alas! he can't revive,
Although dead but four days: then how ſhall I,
Who have lay'n dead in my iniquity
Ever ſince *Adam* (as it plain appears)
Which is indeed above five thouſand years?
Jehovah which at firſt my heart did make,
Muſt by his Pow'r it into pieces take;
That ſo he may create my heart a-new,
E're good from Chriſt doth to my Soul accrue,
'Tis he muſt give me pow'r to will and do,
And raiſe me up e're I can creep or go.

Truth.

Though that be true, yet hearken unto me,
And take the Councel which I'le give to thee?
And thou ſhalt find, as ſure as God's above,
He will thy Fears and all thy Doubts remove,
And raiſe thee up out of the empty Pit,
And on a Rock alſo ſtill ſet thy feet.
Firſt thing of all which to you I commend,
Be ſure you don't your Conſcience more offend,
Do not grieve that, but always take great care
In every thing to prove your ſelf ſincere.
He that in Morals walks not faithfully,
No marvel 'tis if Chriſt do paſs him by.

In

In ev'ry Nation thoſe excepted are,
Who walk uprightly, and the Lord do fear!
Thoſe who do follow on to know the Lord,
He will to them his ſaving help afford.
I do exhort you in the ſecond place,
For to attend upon all means of grace.
Do not neglect to hear God's bleſſed Word,
But prize each ſeaſon which the precious Lord
Is pleas'd in Mercy on you to beſtow,
For unto you thereby much good will flow.
My third advice, make uſe of ſpeedily,
Lift up your voice unto the Lord on high!
Pour forth your Soul to him both night and day,
And you'l prevail, though he at firſt ſay nay.
Though you at firſt may with repulſes meet,
Your Soul yet proſtrate at *Jehovahs* feet.
He's full of bowels, long he can't refrain
E're he comes forth to eaſe you of your pain.
Thy Prayers, and Tears, and ſpiritual contrition,
Will move his heart to ſend thee a Phyſitian,
Who will apply a Plaiſter to thy wound,
Which will hereafter ever make thee ſound.
Chriſt's blood will heal, 'twill cleanſe and purify,
If now the ſame by Faith you do apply.
Such grief is thine, no Med'cine will do good,
Nor heal thy Soul, but thy dear Saviour's blood.
The good *Samaritan* will caſt a look,
Though thou of Prieſt and Levite art forſook?
Into thy Wounds he'l pour in Oyl and Wine,
The which will heal that bleeding Soul of thine.

O Cry to God, my Sister *Grace* to send,
'Tis she at last will prove thy special Friend.
If God is pleased but to send her down,
Thy head with Glory she will straightway crown.
But here I'le advertise thee first of all,
Be sure you do for the right Sister call:
For there are two, and both of one Sir-name,
The one is lovely fair, the other lame.
The one is common, th' other chast and pure,
And will be true to thee thou mayst be sure.
The one will dwell where sin predominates,
The other loaths, and bitterly it hates,
And makes a thorow-change where she doth dwell,
And will all filth out of that heart expel,
Where she doth take up her sure resting-place;
Rare is the nature of true saving Grace.
Thy stubborn will she'l make for to submit,
And thy affections change as she thinks fit.
Thy heart she can new-mould, and make it soft,
And will bring down each high and sinful thought.
The Old-man she will into pieces tear,
She'l cut and kill, and nothing will she spare,
That's opposite unto the Prince of Light,
She'l put the Devil to a speedy flight;
She'l make him leave his strongest hold, and run,
And quite forsake his former Garison.
She'l take no pity on the Old-man's Age,
She'l pay him off for all his wrath and Rage,
And cursed Malice, Pride and every sin,
Which of long time he has the Author bin.

'Tis

'Tis she can work upon the Covetous,
And change his heart to keep an open house,
To give and to distribute of his store,
To th' cloathing and refreshing of the Poor.
'Tis she brings down the proud and lofty mind,
Which nat'rally was to that vice inclin'd.
'Tis she can tame the wild strong-headed Youth,
And make the Lyar always tell the truth.
'Tis she which makes the froward very meek,
And the revengeful not revenge to seek.
'Tis she which quenches Young-mens lustful fire,
And makes them to disdain that base desire.
'Tis she will make thy Soul for to defie.
Each *Dalilah*, and all Hypocrisie;
She's like to Oyl and Wine, and will give peace
And inward joy, which never more shall cease.
'Tis she must put Christ's bessed Robes on thee,
And bring thy soul out of Captivity.
'Tis she must thee adorn and beautifie,
And make thee lovely in Christ Jesus Eye.
Oh! she'l inflame thy Soul with precious love
To Christ alone, which none shall e're remove.
'Tis she which tyes that conjugal blest knot,
Which can't be broke, nor ever be forgot.
'Tis she that makes Christ and the Saints but one,
And makes them of his very flesh and bone.
'Tis she will help thee in this time of need,
Yea, a Disciple will make thee indeed.
And this to thee also I must declare,
Thou of this *Grace* shalt have a part and share.

Since 'twas for thee thy precious Lord did dy,
He can't thy Soul of saving Grace deny,
Give him no rest, 'till more he doth give forth,
For to compleat in thee the second Birth,
Be earnest with him, strive to hold him fast,
And thou, like *Jacob*, wilt prevail at last.
Though he at first may seem to stop his Ear,
Yet importunity will make him hear.
Thy time I'm sure it is the time of love,
And thy deep wounds will make him from above
To pity thee, and for to cast an eye,
As thou polluted in thy blood dost lye;
What e're is needful to thee he will give,
And raise thee up to life, and make thee live;
Yea, manifest to thee such consolation,
As for to cloath thee with his own Salvation.
Come, make a tryal, and do not despair,
Look up to Heaven, Soul, thy help is there.

Youth.

Thy Counsel I resolve to take with speed,
If 'twas for me Christ on the Cross did bleed;
I will send up a sigh, a bitter groan,
And earnestly implore his gracious Throne.
Most Holy God, who dwellest in the light!
Ah! what am I before thee in thy sight?
Wilt thou attend, or listen to my Cry?
Thou know'st my grief, and where my pain doth lye.
Canst thou not ease my deeply wounded Soul,
Who in my blood am forc'd to lye and roul?

Is there no Balm in Gilead, *is there none?*
Into dark ſilence then, Lord, I'le be gone.
Where are thy Bowels, is thy Mercy fled?
Lord, think upon the blood Chriſt Jeſus ſhed;
If thou can't heal my Soul of all its grief,
Then let me periſh without all relief.
Why were thy ſides pierced, Lord Jeſus, why?
Didſt ſuffer for thy own iniquity?
There was no ſin, I'me ſure, nor guilt in thee
That caus'd thy pains; didſt thou not dye for me?
Didſt thou not Juſtice fully ſatisfy,
And pay the Debt? Muſt I in Priſon lye,
When Reſtitution's made in th' higheſt degree?
Oh! come and ſet my Soul at liberty.
Knock off theſe bolts and chains, and bring me forth
Out of this pit, deep Mire, and bands of Death
Lord, muſt I bleed? did I not bleed before
In thy ſad Wound? can Juſtice challenge more?
O! ſhall my heart-ſtrings break? my Soul doth groan:
I languiſh, Lord, whilſt thou ſtand'ſt looking on.
Lord, doſt thou hear the Ravens when they cry?
And wilt thou not my preſent wants ſupply?
Wilt thou the door of Mercy ne're unlock?
Lord, open unto me, now I do knock.
O Son of David, *help; think on thy Word,*
And unto me ſome Mercy, Lord, afford.

Jesus.

What voice is this? who is't that makes this cry?
What sinful Wretch is in extremity,
That thus implores for help, and follows me?
That takes no nay, although I silent be?

Youth.

Lord, 'tis a poor dejected piece of Earth,
That is undone, and sighs for a new birth.

Jesus.

Was I not sent only to Jacob's *race?*
How com'st thou then to have so bold a face
To importune me, when ye know full well
You are not of the stock of Israel?
Come you not of the curs'ed Gentile *seed?*
Be gone from me, and further don't proceed.

Youth.

Ah! help, dear Lord, and some compassion show
For to whom else, or whither can I go?

Jesus.

Is't meet that I should give to Dogs that Bread,
With which the Children should be nourished?

Youth.

True, Lord that I do grant, and ever shall:
Yet may the Dogs eat up those Crums which fall from

From their own Master's Table: though a whelp,
Lord, look on me, O precious Saviour, help.

Jesus.

What ailest thou, poor Soul, what's thy condition,
Which makes thee shed these tears of sad contrition?

Youth.

My grief, my pain, and great extremitie,
Lord, thou dost know, and all my wants dost see.
Ah! I have sinn'd, and am so vile and base,
I hate my self, and loath my present case.
I am a lump of filth, wholly unclean,
A viler Creature there has never been.
I languish, Lord, my wounds they are not small;
And I have wounded thee, that's worst of all.

Jesus.

Come, cease thy grief, what is't thou dost desire?
My Soul doth melt, my heart is set on fire;
My bowels yearn, I longer can't refrain
From tears, as well as thee I am in pain:
Thy wounds afflict me, and thy bitter cry
Doth pierce my heart, I know thy misery.
What is it, Soul? speak forth thy mind to me;
What dost thou crave, or shall I do for thee?
Come, ope thy heart to me, for I am nigh
Thy suit to grant, thy wants for to supply.

Youth.

Youth.

'Tis not for Riches, nor for Pleaſures here,
Nor Honours, which by men ſo prized are,
Nor length of days, Lord do I ſeek or crave,
'Tis ſomething elſe my Soul doth long to have.
The Earth's a blaſt, and all the World's a bubble:
There's nothing in't can eaſe me of my trouble.
Such is my ſtate, nought but thy hand can ſave,
'Tis thou muſt raiſe dead *Laz'rus* from the grave.
Knock off theſe bolts, and ſet thy Priſoner free.
And give thy grace (Lord Jeſus) unto me.
My fainting Spirit comfort and refreſh,
O ſpare my Soul, but crucifie the fleſh;
Compleat thy Work (Lord Jeſus) on my heart,
And thy own Righteouſneſs to me impart.
There's nought I ſee will do me any good,
Save the dear Merit of thy precious blood.
My bleeding Soul will faint away and dye,
If thou doſt not thy blood with ſpeed apply.
How has my panting breaſt ſent many groan,
With bitter tears, up to thy gracious Throne,
For one ſweet look and aſpect of thine eye?
There's nothing elſe which will me ſatisfie:
Oh! manifeſt thy Love unto my Soul,
For that will cure me, and ſoon make me whole.
My gaſping Soul's diſſolved into tears.
Whiles pleas'd with hopes, and yet poſſeſs'd with fears:
My great requeſt, alas! is only this,
Come ſeal thy Love to me with a ſweet kiſs:

For

For nought is there in Earth, nor Heaven above,
Which I esteem or Value like thy Love.
A Promise grant, some word to lie upon,
Before my life and little hopes are gone.
My Soul's afraid, and trembles thou dost see,
Because I know how I unworthy be:
Ah! I have made thee bleed, I am so vile;
Thy frowns I do deserve but not one smile
How did I grieve and put thy Soul to pain!
The thoughts of it doth cut my heart in twain.
Thy Messengers, how did my Soul refuse!
And my poor Conscience wickedly abuse:
Who did receive Commission from above,
Either to clear, or sharply to reprove.
I unto *Truth* oft-times turn'd a deaf ear,
And unto *Satan* rather did adhere.
I slighted thee, and sin I did embrace,
Which shames me greatly to look in thy face.
If thou shouldst pardon such a one as I,
And save my Soul to all Eternity,
And me embrace in a contract of love,
And all thy wrath for every quite remove:
It would be Grace and Love beyond degree,
And such which never can expressed be,
O, wilt thou speak again! dear Saviour do,
A Promise, Lord, or I le not let thee go.

Jesus.

What Faith hast thou, poor Soul, canst thou believe
And stedfastly my benefits receive?

Do

Do'st think that I have power and a heart
To save, to help, and free thee from thy smart?

Youth.

My Faith, alas! is weak, O send relief!
Lord, I believe, O help my unbelief!
That precious Voice which I did lately hear,
Will soon remove my doubts, and all my fear.
If Love as well as pity thou dost show,
'Twill give me joy, and take away my woe.
But thou may'st, Lord, my Soul commiserate,
And yet may I be in a dying state.
Over *Jerusalem* thou didst lament,
Who had no saving Grace for to repent,
Is there in thee such bowels of compassion,
As to bestow thy self and thy Salvation
On such a Worm as I, whose wounded breast,
Is heavy loaded, and would fain have rest?
O help, dear Lord; my fainting Soul will dy,
Without an answer from thee speedily,

Jesus.

Look up to me, and see my Love descending,
'Tis from Eternity, and has no ending.
Canst thou have more, dear Soul? thou hast my heart;
What e're is mine, to thee I will impart.
Thy scarlet sins are washed quite away,
Not one of them unto thy charge I'le lay.
Pull up thy drooping heart, be of good chear,
Thy sins, though neve so great, forgiven are,

I able

I able am to ſave to th' uttermoſt,
All thoſe who do in me put all their truſt.
Thoſe which do come to me, I in no wiſe
Will caſt them out, therefore lift up thine eyes:
Behold my hands and feet, and do not doubt,
For I have waſht and cleans'd thy Soul throughout.
Thy debts I've paid, and quitted the old ſcore;
Thy former faults I'le ne're remember more.
Enter the Royal Fort, thou haſt obtain'd
Th' fountain of pleaſure, holy love unſtain'd:
Take up thy Lodging in Eternal Love.
What's here below? thy treaſure is above.
Chear up, poor heart, I tell thee thou art mine,
My blood was ſhed to ſave that Soul of thine:
With endleſs joys thy Soul I'le ſatisfie,
And in my Boſom ever ſhalt thou lie.
In my enfolded Arms I now thee take,
And do engage I'le never thee forſake.
In th' fire and in the water I le be neer,
And help thee through all grief and troubles here:
Yea, I'le be with thee always to the end,
And Death at laſt I'le cauſe to be thy Friend;
And make its paſſage alſo unto thee,
Only an entrance to felicity.
Rivers of Pleaſures thou ſhalt have to th' brim,
Wherein the Prophets and Apoſtles ſwim:
And with great Glory thou ſhalt crowned be,
And on the Throne ſit down alſo with me.
World, Death, nor Devil ever ſhall remove
My heart from thee; for thoſe I truly love,

I love

I love to th' end: Ah! Soul 'tis thou ſhalt lie,
In my own Arms to all Eternity.

Youth.

Darkneſs is gone, day-light begins to ſpring;
Heavens melody I find's the ſweeteſt thing.
The Sun is riſen now, it is broke forth,
And gloriouſly enlightens my dark earth.
My Soul is raviſh'd with this joyful ſight,
Yea, and diſſolv'd with love and true delight:
My heart is melted with Cœleſtial fire,
And has obtain'd at length it's own deſire,
My frozen Soul muſt needs run down amain,
Which ſuch hot beams from *Jeſus* doth obtain:
The door is open'd, Chriſt has giv'n a knock
Has made it fly and has diſſolved the rock.
My heart which was ſo hard is made to yield,
Chriſt has o'recome me now and won the field.
The War is ceas'd between the Lord and I,
A Peace is made to all Eternity.
What joy is this! Ah, 'tis beyond all meaſure.
There's nothing like to inward joy and pleaſure.
As was my burden, ſo I find my reſt,
O that was great! and this can't be expreſt.
What heart can taſte of theſe tranſcendent joys,
And not account Earth's pleaſures empty toys!
Such is the nature of a ſecond birth.
Makes Heav'n on Earth, turns ſorrow into mirth.
Once was I blind, ſenſeleſs, bewitch'd, nay, mad;
I thought in Chriſt no comfort could be had,

Religion

Religion was, I thought, a fooliſh thing,
Which could no pleaſure nor no profit bring.
I thought Profeſſors greatly were miſled,
When I beheld what things they ſuffered:
But I am now convinc'd of my miſtake,
For I my ſelf could, For Chriſt Jeſus ſake,
Any deriſion or Affliction bear,
Such inward peace in him, and joy is there,
What man would not all earthly glory ſlight,
For one ſmall dram, or taſte of ſuch delight?
To have Chriſt's Love, and in his boſom lie,
Yields true content, and ſweet felicitie.
Ah happy I, I live! my Soul's involv'd,
In ſecret raptures, ſighs to be diſſolv'd,
And be with Chriſt my home and reſting-place,
For to injoy and ſee him face to face.
And in the int'rim, Lord, whilſt here I ſtay,
I faithfully will do what thou doſt ſay.
And help me Lord, thy praiſe for to declare
Unto all precious Children far and near.
O help me to lift up my voice on high!
Let joyfull *Hallelujahs* pierce the sky.
And eccho back again, reſound on Earth,
Since thou haſt wrought in me the ſecond birth:
Let me with the Cœleſtial Angels ſing,
And make thy Praiſes round the world to ring!
Thou'ſt brought my Soul out of the loweſt Pit,
And in the paths of *Sion* ſet my feet!
Thou haſt from Darkneſs brought me into Light,
And to mine eyes thou haſt reſtored ſight!

Nay,

Nay, haſt my Soul ſav'd from Eternal death,
And ſhall not I thy praiſes, Lord, ſing forth?
O let my tongue, my heart, and life make known
The favour, Lord, which to me thou haſt ſhown!
Let me aloft, by thy bleſt Grace, aſpire
To ſound thy praiſe with the Cœleſtial Quire.
With ſwift wing'd *Cherubims*, Lord, let me joyn,
To magnifie that glorious Name of thine
Let not remainders of the fleſh diſturb
My precious peace that's new: O do thou curb,
Yea, kill and crucifie each evil thought,
With vengeance let thoſe Rebels down be brought,
And let me on the Earth live all my days
Unto thy Glory and tranſcendent praiſe.
And then, great God, when theſe ſhort days are o're
With *Seraphims* I'le ſing for evermore.

Truth.

What Melody and Triumph do I hear?
Whoſe voice is this that ſoundeth in mine ear?
What Eagle-ey'd Soul's this that ſoars on high,
That with ſwift wings aloft doth mount and fly;
And in Eternal Love ſeems to lie down,
Adorn'd with Grace, and raviſh'd with the Crown
of inward Peace? that taketh up its reſt
At Jeſus Chriſt's ſweet ſatisfying breaſt,
And breaking forth in raptures, can't expreſs,
As he would do, his humble thankfulneſs?

Youth.

Youth.

'Tis I, bleſt *Truth*, the Conqueſt now is won,
Grace has prevail'd, I am the conquer'd one:
My griefs is turn'd to joy, yea and my night
Is alſo chang'd into Eternal Light.
Thy power's great, when *Grace* doth work with thee,
Yea ſoon do then obtain the victory.
Bleſt be the day that ever thou waſt ſent,
To change my heart, and move me to repent!
Dear love to thee, O *Truth*, I ſhall retain
So long as I upon the Earth remain.
I'le keep thee cloſe, and hide thee in my heart,
For thou more precious than rich jewels art.
I'le loſe my All before I'le part with thee,
So much I love and prize thy company.
Though Satan ſtir up foes never ſo cruel,
Devils nor Men ſhall rob me of this Jewel.
I am reſolv'd a thouſand deaths to dy,
Before I will God's bleſſed Truth deny.
Though of Deceivers there's a multitude,
Yet none of them ſhall my poor Soul delude.
Though they do thee reproach, ſlight and contemn
I by Exper'ence can refute all them,
Who ſay thy words nought but dead letters are,
Which men may burn, or into pieces tare:
The out-ſide of the Book they only ſee,
Who thus do ſpeak reproachfully of thee:
For did they but thy inward power know,
They'd never ſpeak, as oftentimes they do:

But soon they would God's written Word extol,
Above that Light which they cry up in all.
The Light which *Conscience* unto me doth give,
I'le alwayes own as long as I do live,
But from God's Word doth its chief light descend;
Therefore the Holy Scriptures I'le commend:
For had we not God's Word to light our hearts,
The Heathens which do live in Forreign parts,
Who never heard of Christ, might understand
As much as any do in this our Land:
Alas! we should have been unto this day,
In all respects as Ignorant as they.
But I'le forbear, because I must with speed
Attend upon God's Truth with care and heed,
To hear what he will say; O *Truth* wilt thou
Concerning me shew forth thy Judgment now
I do intreat thee prove me thoroughly,
For still I do retain a jealousie
Over my heart, because that I have seen
How I deceived oftentimes have been.

Truth.

Conscience, to thee I must once more descend,
The Controversie thou alone must end:
How is it with him now? what dost thou say?
Hast any thing unto his Charge to lay?
Remember what I formerly have shown,
And let thy present thoughts with speed be known.

Con-

Conſcience.

I always ready am Judgment to give,
According to the Light I do receive,
And never was more free than now am I
My thoughts to ſhew; your ſuit I can't deny.
O Sir! the caſe is chang'd; I am his Friend,
His ſweet Condition I muſt needs commend.
Grace has ſubdu'd corruption in his heart,
That he's made clean, and waſh'd in every part,
My teſtimony you may take for truth,
He's now become a very humble Youth;
He's truly Godly, Faithful, and Sincere,
I do for him, and ſhall my witneſs bear:
All kind of Evil doth his Soul defie,
He hates above all things Hypocriſie:
VVill and Affections now are changed quite,
That in the Lord alone is his delight.
There's no Commands of Chriſt, not any one
That he's convinced of, but he has done:
He faithfully alſo the Lord obeys,
VVithout excuſes, put-offs, or delays,
He grieveth moſt for ſins that ſecret are,
VVhich unto men do not i'th' leaſt appear.
He's more in ſubſtance than he is in ſhow,
VVhen high'ſt in joy, his heart is very low.
All his own Righteouſneſs he doth diſown,
And does rely on Jeſus Chriſt alone.
Chriſt is become ſo precious in his ſight,
He's firſt with him i'th' morn, and laſt at night.

He willingly has taken up the Croſs,
And doth account what e're is his but droſs;
And parts with it moſt freely, Chriſt to gain,
Since he hath found Earth's beſt injoyments vain.
Chriſt he exalts as King i'th' high'it degree,
And gives each Office its full dignitie.
He uſes me alſo moſt tenderly,
Becauſe he knows that my Authority
Is from above, it is for Jeſus ſake
He ſides with me, and doth reſolve to take
My part always, what e're he doth ſuſtain,
He'l rather ſuffer than wound me again.
Chriſt has in me ſet up his bleſſed Throne,
And over me no other King he'l own:
Chriſt muſt alone in me the Scepter ſway,
And he will die before he'l give away
Chriſt's Right and Soveraignty in his dear Soul.
He is reſolv'd to ſuffer no controul,
In things alone which to me appertain,
Fear leſt thereby Chriſt's Glory he ſhould ſtain.

Truth.

Oh! happy young-man! bleſſed from above,
Bleſſed with Grace, and raviſht with the love
Of thy Eternal Lord, in whoſe ſweet breaſt
Thou now doſt lie, and evermore ſhalt reſt.
Thy Honor's laſting, now it can't decay,
Thy treaſure's ſure, thieves cannot ſteal't away:
Thy Pleaſures are beyond thought or conceit,
And thy rare Beauty is without deceit.

Thy

Thy Strength, thy Wiſdom, nor thy Youth ſhall fade,
Nor canſt thou die, thou art immortal made.
Eternal Life is given unto thee,
And thou ſhalt reign to all Eternitie.

Victus.

There's none on Earth is able to expreſs,
The inward peace this Young-man doth poſſeſs;
Whilſt to his joy, he clearly doth eſpy
This bleſſed Concord, and rare Harmony:
Conſcience and *Truth* moſt ſweetly do agree,
He's free'd from Bondage and Captivitie.
Chriſt's Spirit doth with *Conſcience* witneſs bear,
He's born of God, and is become an Heir
(With his dear Saviour) of Eternal bliſs:
What Conſolation can there be like this?
But whilſt thus fill'd with joy and true delight,
The Devil falls on him with all his might;
With ſtrong aſſaults, his Faith for to deſtroy,
Which much abates, and mitigates his joy:
But Satan failing in his Enterprize
In one reſpect, another way he tries;
And with malicious threats he breaketh forth,
Spitting his venome and his helliſh wrath:
Which in ſome meaſure may to you appear,
By what immediately doth follow here.

Devil.

Heark, heark, thou curſed wretch, vengeance is mine,
And I'le repay't upon that Soul of thine;

In dreadful wrath I will contend with thee,
If thou wilt not again ſubmit to me.
Will not my ſhining Glory thee invite,
Nor all my Agents fell thy Soul affright,
To leave thoſe curſed ways in which you go?
Then I'le ſome way contrive your overthrow.
Though out of your Dominions I am beat,
And forced am at preſent to Retreat;
Yet I'le return like to a Lion ſtrong,
And break thy bones in pieces ere't be long.

Youth.

Father of Lyes, do'it think I dread thy frown,
'Tis paſt thy skill to throw my Glory down;
Thy head is broke, thou art a beaten Foe,
And chained up; alas! thou canſt not do
According to thy wrath and curſed ſpight,
Chriſt's Pow'r is mine, who ſtronger is in Might;
Me he'l not leave, though tempted am by thee,
Yet he knows how to help and ſuccour me.
What matter is't although thou art inraged,
When the great Pow'r of Heaven is ingaged
To ſide with me always, and take my part:
Though thou a Lion and a Serpent art,
Yet may'ſt as ſoon the Lord of Life o'recome,
As to produce or work my final Doom,
So long as I do for his Glory ſtand,
And am obedient to his bleſt Command.

Devil,

Devil.

But I have ſo much craft and ſubtilty,
That I can make the Lord thine Enemy;
Though thou do'ſt think he is become thy Friend,
I'le by temptation move thee to offend
Him ere't be long; and ſoon you will eſpy
In's anger you he'l caſt off utterly:
And then I'le tear and rend you as I liſt,
And you ſhall have no power to reſiſt.

Youth.

God has beſtow'd on me his precious Grace,
That I abhor the thoughts of giving place
To thee, O Satan, though thou doſt entice;
God will preſerve my Soul from deadly vice:
But if through weakneſs him I ſhould offend,
In bowels he'l to me his Pardon ſend.
Chriſt is my Advocate; God will paſs by
All ſins of VVeakneſs and Infirmity.
Although he uſe the Rod, his precious Love
I'm ſure from me he never will remove.

Devil.

Your hopes will fail, alas! black clouds will hide
Your glorious Sun, your ſteps will quickly ſlide:
Your morning's bright, but ſoon 'twill over-caſt,
And all your joy will ſcarce a moment laſt.
Though Truth *doth now thy preſent ſtate commend,*
Yet you will find the Proverb true i'th' end,

That the young Saint will an old Devil be:
You'l die and periſh in Apoſtaſie.

Youth.

'Cauſe thou haſt loſt thy former happy ſtate,
With malice thou ſtir'ſt up thy bitter hate
Againſt my Soul, thou ſhew'ſt thy wicked ſpight,
But thy vile teeth are broke, thou canſt not bite.
Thou doſt on me caſt forth an envious frown,
Becauſe thou haſt for ever loſt thy Crown.
Becauſe thy morning's turned into night,
Doſt think thou ſhalt my Soul amaze and fright
With ſuch inſnaring thoughts? I thee defie;
Nothing can break that bleſſed Band and Tie,
Or Covenant which Chriſt with me has made,
My ſtanding's firm, my Crown can never fade.
He that has in my Soul this work begun,
Will finiſh it I'me ſure e're he has done.
There's ne're a Lamb or Sheep of his dear fold,
But he will keep, he has of them ſuch hold,
That in the midſt of danger they ſhall ſtand,
And none ſhall pluck them out of his ſtrong hand:
They by his Pow'r are kept in ev'ry Nation,
'Till they are ſafely brought unto Salvation.
Upon the Rock of Ages I am placed,
And my foundation never can be razed;
Though Mountains ſhould depart, & Hills remove,
Yet Chriſt will never change in his dear Love.
Nor cauſe his Covenant of laſting peace
To be remov'd, nor his ſweet Mercy ceaſe.

The

The *Truth* and *Conſcience* both joyntly agree,
That the new-birth is truly wrought in me.
Th'Immortal Seed I'me ſure muſt needs bring forth
A Babe Immortal; and my Heav'nly birth
Doth ſhew to all, and clearly ſignifie,
I cannot periſh in Apoſtaſie.
The Head and Members of one Nature are,
Or elſe Chriſt's Body a ſtrange Monſter were.
As ſure as he's in Heaven, ſo ſhall I,
And reign with him to all Eternity.

Devil.

My words I ſee no place at all can find
Within the Center of thy evil mind:
I'le leave thee therefore with my dreadful Curſe,
Which is as bad as Hell, nay, it is worſe
Than all the Plagues of the infernal Lake;
And let all thoſe who love me, vengeance take
Upon ſo vile a Wretch: and though I do
Forſake thee now, within a day or two
I'le come again, and will thy Soul torment,
Till thou of thy Repentance ſhalt Repent

Youth.

O Lord, I praiſe thee for that glorious Pow'r,
Which helpt my Soul in ſuch a needful hour
Of ſtrong aſſaults from the vile wicked one;
Thou help'it me to reſiſt him, and he's gone.
Therefore, dear God, be pleaſed to inflame
My heart with Grace to magnifie thy Name:

And

And when he comes again, O then be near,
And let thy *Truth* alſo for me appear:
Though I am young and weak, I ſhall thereby
Not fear th' aſſaults of any Enemy.
Come, ſpeak, O *Truth*, wilt ſtill be on my ſide?
'Tis in thy ſtrength I very much confide.
Though I am feeble, thou art mighty ſtrong;
And whilſt for me, there's none can do me wrong.

Truth.

I will, dear Soul, ſupport thee whilſt on Earth,
And ſave thee from the rage of Hell and Death:
I will aſſiſt thee by a mighty Arm,
And keep thee day and night from hurt and harm;
And with my glitt'ring Sword cut down and ſlay
All curſed Enemies who thee gain-ſay.

Grace.

If *Truth* ſhould fail, I will thy wants ſupply,
Thou need'ſt not doubt of my ſufficiency.
Light I will be in Darkneſs, Joy in Grief,
And when in Trouble great, I'le bring Relief.
If always thou doſt on my Arm rely,
The *Devil* will be forc'd with ſpeed to fly.
Never on me did any Soul depend,
But they obtain'd Deliv'rance in the end.
I'l help thy Soul through all its Chriſtian ſtrife,
And bring thee ſafe to Everlaſting Life.

Con-

Conſcience.

I'le be the *third* that will lend thee an hand,
Wee'l all combine to make a triple band.
A threefold Cord can't eas'ly broken be,
I'le be a Friend in thine Adverſitie.
There's not a Foe on Earth thou needſt to fear,
So long as I for thee my witneſs bear,
That thou in Truth doſt walk before the Lord,
And that thy ways do with his Word accord;
The evil Foe will be aſhamed quite,
VVhilſt faithfully thou walk'it up to thy Light,
And Satan never can get any ground,
VVhilſt I declare thy heart is truly ſound.
Clear up, poor Soul, I'le feaſt thee conſtantly,
And plead for thee before the Enemy.
My ſweeteſt wine alſo I'le keep to th' end,
At death I will thy Soul with that befriend.
God's VVord that is thy ground in every thing,
His Glory is thy aim, from thence doth ſpring
All ſervice thou doſt do towards the Lord,
His Spirit therefore to thee he'l afford;
That doth bear witneſs for thee, ſo do I,
And will alſo when thou do'ſt come to dy.

The Young man Experiencing Converſion truly wrought in his Soul, and that he's delivered from the Power of the Tempter, breaks forth into theſe following Hymns *of Prayer and Praiſes to God.*

A Myſtical

A Myſtical Hymn of Thanksgiving.

MY Soul mounts up with Eagles wings,
And unto thee dear God, ſhe ſings;
Since thou art on my ſide,
My Enemies are forc'd to fly,
As ſoon as they do thee eſpy;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

Thou makeſt Rich by making Poor.
By Poverty add'ſt to my Store;
Such Grace doſt thou provide:
Thou wound'ſt as well as thou mak'ſt whole,
And heal'ſt by wounding of the Soul;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

Thou mak'ſt men blind by giving ſight,
And turn'ſt their darkneſs into light:
Theſe things can't be deny'd.
Thou cloath'ſt the Soul by making bare,
And giv'ſt in food when none is there;
Thy Name be glory ſi'd.

Thou killeſt by making alive,
By dying do'ſt the Soul revive,
Which none can do beſide:
Thou doſt raiſe up by pulling down,
And by abaſing, thou doſt crown,
Thy Name be magnify'd.

By

By making bitter thou mak'ſt ſweet,
And mak'ſt each crooked thing to meet,
I'th' Soul which thou haſt try'd:
The fruitleſs tree thou mak'ſt to grow,
And the green tree doſt overthrow;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

The conquered the conqueſt gains;
By being beat, the field obtains,
Which makes me therefore cry,
Lord while I live upon the Earth,
Since thou haſt wrought the ſecond birth,
Thy Name I'le magnify.

Thou mak'ſt men wiſe by 'coming fools;
By emptying, thou fill'ſt their Souls,
Such Grace doſt thou provide:
By making weary, thou giv'ſt reſt,
That which ſeem'd worſt, proves for the beſt;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

Thou art far off, and alſo neer,
And not confin'd, but ev'ry where.
And on the clouds doſt ride.
O thou art Love, and alſo Light;
There's none can go out of thy ſight;
Thy Name be magnify'd.

Lord, thou art great and alſo good,
And ſit'ſt upon the mighty flood,
By whom all hearts are try'd:
Though thou art Three, yet art but One,
And comprehended art of none;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

The Excellency of Peace of Conſcience.

MY *Conſcience* is become my Friend,
and chearfully doth ſpeak to me,
And I will to his motions bend,
Although that I reproached be:
I matter not who doth revile,
Since *Conſcience* in my face doth ſmile.

My *Conſcience* now doth give me reſt,
My burden's gone, my Soul is free;
Again I would not be oppreſt
In the old bands of miſerie,
For Kingdoms, nor for Crowns of Gold,
Nor any thing which can be told.

My *Conſcience* doth with precious food,
Feed my poor Soul continually;
Its dainties alſo are ſo good,
All ſinful ſweets I do defy:
This Banquet's laſting, 'twill ſupply
My wants, and feaſt me till I die.

My *Conſcience* doth me chearful make,
When I am much poſſeſt with grief;
And when I ſuffer for its ſake,
'Twill yield me joy and ſweet relief:
Though troubles riſe, and much increaſe,
I in my *Conſcience* ſhall have peace.

When others to the Mountains fly,
And ſore amaz'd do trembling ſtand:

A place of ſhelter then have I,
And *Conſcience* will lend me its hand
To lock me in the Chambers faſt,
Till th' Indignation's over-paſt.

At Death, and in the Judgment Day,
What would men give for ſuch a Friend!
All thoſe which do him diſobey,
They'lit repent I'm ſure i'th' end:
When ſuch are forc'd to howl and cry,
My Soul ſhall ſing continually.

An Hymn on the Six Principles of Chriſt's Doctrine. Heb. 6. 1, 2.

REpentance is wrought in my Soul,
And Faith for to believe;
Whereby on Jeſus I do roul,
And truly him receive.

As my dread Lord and Sovereign,
Him always to obey;
And in all things o're me to reign,
And govern night and day.

Chriſt's Baptiſme it is very ſweet,
With Laying on of Hands:
My Soul is brought to Jeſus feet,
In owning his Commands.

Thoſe Ordinances men oppoſe,
And count as carnal things;

I have clos'd with, and tell't to thoſe,
From them rare comfort ſprings.

My precious Lord I muſt obey,
Though men reproach me ſtill;
I'le do whatever Chriſt doth ſay,
and yield unto his will.

On Chriſt alone I do rely,
Though men judge otherwiſe;
Becauſe I can't Gods Truth deny,
I am reproach'd with lyes.

Let them deride, yet for Chriſt's ſake
Reſolved now am I,
In his own ſtrength the Croſs to take,
Yea, and for him to dy.

Before I'le ever turn my back
On him whom I do love;
For I do know I ſhall not lack
His Preſence from above.

For he has Promis'd to the end,
To me he will be near;
And be to me a faithful Friend,
Which makes me not to fear.

Whatever Men or Devils do
In ſecret place deſign,
He ſoon can them quite overthrow,
And help this Soul of mine.

The Reſurrection of the Dead
I conſtantly maintain;

When

When all thoſe which lie buried,
Shall riſe to life again.
And that the Judgment day will come,
When Chriſt upon the Throne
Shall paſs a black Eternal Doom,
Upon each Wicked one.
But all the Saints then joyfully
With Bowels he'l embrace,
And Crowns to all Eternity
Upon their Heads he'l place,
And in the Kingdom ſhall they reign,
Prepared long before,
And alſo ſhall with Chriſt remain,
In bliſs for evermore.

A Spritual Hymn.

THe Sun doth now begin to ſhine,
And breaketh forth yet more and more,
Mere darkneſs was that Light of mine,
Which I commended heretofore.
I was involved in my ſin;
Had day without, but night within.
My former days I did compare,
Unto the ſweet and lovely Spring;
I thought That time it was as rare,
As when the chirping Birds do ſing:
But I was blind, I now do ſee
There was no Spring nor Light in me.

My Spring it was the Winter-time,
Yea, like the midſt of cold *December*;
The Sun was gone out of my Clime,
And alſo I do now remember
My heart was cold as any ſtone,
My leaves were off, and ſap was gone.
God is a Sun, a Shield alſo,
The Glory of the World is He;
True Light alone from him doth flow,
And he has now enlightned me:
The Sun doth his ſweet beams diſplay,
Like to the dawning of the day.
How precious is't to ſee the Sun,
When in the morning it doth riſe,
And ſhineth in our Horizon,
To th' clearing of the cloudy Skies!
The miſty Fogs by his ſtrong Light,
Are vaniſh'd quite out of our ſight.
Thus doth the Lord in my poor heart,
By his ſtrong beams and glorious rayes,
The light from darkneſs clearly part,
And makes in me rare ſhining dayes.
Though Fogs appear and Clouds do riſe,
He doth expel them from mine eyes.
Were there no glorious Lamp above,
What dark confuſion would be here!
If God ſhould quite the Sun remove,
How would the Seaman do to ſteer!
My Soul's the World, and Chriſt's the Sun,
If he ſhines not, I am undone.

In

In Winter things hang down their head,
Until *Sol*'s beams do them revive;
So I in ſin lay buried,
Till Jeſus Chriſt made me alive:
Alas my heart was Ice and Snow,
Till Sun did ſhine, and Winds did blow.
Until warm Gales of Heav'nly Wind
Did ſweetly blow, and Sun did dart
Its Light in me, I could not find
No heat within my inward part;
Then blow thou Wind, and ſhine thou Sun,
To make my Soul a lively one.
In nat'ral men there is a Light,
Which for their ſins doth them reprove;
And yet are they but in the night,
And not renewed from above:
The Moon is given (it is clear)
To guide men who in darkneſs are,
The Sun for brightneſs doth exceed
The Stars of Heaven, or the Moon;
Of them there is but little need,
When Sun doth ſhine towards high-noon.
Juſt ſo the Goſpel doth excel,
The Law God gave to *Iſrael*.
All thoſe who do the Goſpel ſlight,
And rather have a Legal guide;
The Sun's not riſen in their ſight,
And therefore 'tis that they deride
Thoſe who commend the Goſpel-Sun,
Above the Light in ev'ry one.

Degrees of Light I do peceive
Some of them weak, and others ſtrong;
That which is ſaving none receive
But thoſe who unto Chriſt belong:
Yet doth each Light ſerve for the end,
For which to man God did it ſend.

Divine Breathings.

A Hymn.

LEt not the Sun Eclipſed be;
Nor any dark Cloud interpoſe
Between thy ſelf (dear Chriſt) and me,
VVho art that bleſſed *Sharon's* Roſe:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
Since thou by choice haſt made me thine.

Alwayes let me walk in the Light
Till Grace doth me with Glory crown;
Turn not my morning into night,
Nor ever let my Sun go down:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
Since by dear purchaſe I am thine.

Let not thick Fogs, O Lord, ariſe
From the groſs Lump of inward Earth,
To th' hiding of the glorious Skies,
The thoughts of that's as bad as Death:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
Since by Adoption I am thine.

Lord,

Lord, let my morning be more bright,
And my Sun ſhine to th' perfect day.
And let mine eyes have ſtronger ſight,
That I behold its glory may.
O let thy face upon me ſhine;
Since God by Gift has made me thine.

Lord ſhine and make my heart more ſoft,
And temper it, the ſeal to take;
Make it according as it ought,
Lord do it for thy own Names ſake:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
Since by ſweet Contract I am thine.

The Light of thy dear Countenance,
It is the thing I only prize;
Let not therefore mine ignorance
Darken the light of my dim eyes:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
Since I by Faith am wholly thine.

O be my Strength, my Light, my Guide,
Alwayes until I come to dy;
And from thy paths ne're let me ſlide,
But light me to Eternity:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
For I my ſelf to thee reſign.

There's many Lord, who daily cry,
Oh! who will ſhew us any good?
'Tis in thy ſelf, Lord, it doth ly,
Although by few 'tis underſtood:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
For I by Conqueſt now am thine.

Lord,

Lord in the Light I thee enjoy,
And with thy Saints Communion have,
No Devil can that Soul deſtroy,
Whom thou intedneſt for to ſave:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
For I can't ſay, Lord, thou art mine.
Let not the Sun only appear,
For to enlighten my dark heart;
But to poor Souls both far and near,
The ſelf-ſame Glory, Lord, impart:
O let thy face upon them ſhine,
As it doth now, dear God, on mine.
Let Light and Glory ſo break forth,
And Darkneſs fly and quite be gone
That all thy Saints upon the Earth,
May in the Truth be joyn'd in one:
O let thy face ſo brightly ſhine,
As to diſcover who are thine.
Let Grace and Knowledge now abound,
And the bleſt Goſpel ſhine ſo clear,
That it *Romes* Harlot may confound,
And Popiſh darkneſs quite caſhier:
O let thy face on *Sion* ſhine,
But plague thoſe curſed Foes of thine.
Let *France*, dark *Spain*, and *Italy*,
Thy Light and Glory, Lord, behold;
To each adjacent Countrey,
Do thou the Goſpel plain unfold:
O let thy face upon them ſhine.
That all theſe Nations may be thine.

Let *Chriſtendom* new Chriſt'ned be,
And unto thee O let them turn,
And be Baptiz'd, O Chriſt, by thee
With th' Spirit of the Holy One:
O let thy face upon it ſhine,
That *Chiſtendom* may all be thine.

And carry on thy glorious Work,
Victoriouſly in every Land;
Let *Tartars* and the mighty *Turk*
Subject themſelves to thy Command:
O let thy face upon them ſhine,
That thoſe blind People may be thine.

And let thy brightneſs alſo go,
To *Aſia* and to *Africa*;
Let *Egypt* and *Aſſyria* too,
Submit unto thy bleſſed Law:
O let thy face upon them ſhine,
That thoſe dark Regions may be thine.

Nay, precious God, let Light extend
To *China* and *Eaſt-India*;
To thee let all the People bend,
Who live in wild *America*:
O let thy bleſſed Goſpel ſhine,
That the blind Heathens may be thine.

Send forth thy Light like to the Morn
Moſt ſwiftly, Lord, O let it fly
From *Cancer* unto *Capricorn*;
That all dark Nations may eſpy
Thy glorious face on them to ſhine,
And they in Chriſt for to be thine.

The Fulneſs of the *Gentiles*, Lord,
Bring in with ſpeed, O let them fear
Thy Name in Truth with one accord,
Live they far off, or live they near:
O let thy face upon them ſhine,
And let us know, Lord, who are thine.

And let alſo the glorious news
Of thy Salvation, yield relief
Unto the ſad diſtreſſed *Jews*,
Who hardned are in Unbelief:
O let thy face upon them ſhine,
For *Abram*'s ſake, that Friend of thine.

O don't forget poor *Iſrael*,
But let thy Light and glorious Rayes
Cauſe their rare Beauty to excel,
Beyond what 'twas in former dayes:
O cauſe thy face ſweetly to ſhine,
That *Jews* and *Gentiles* may be thine.

O let all Kingdoms now with ſpeed,
And all the Nations under Heaven,
From all groſs Darkneſs quite be freed,
And Power to thy Saints be given:
That they in Glory, Lord, may ſhine,
According to that Word of thine.

A N

AN APPENDIX

Containing a Dialogue between an old *Apoſtate*, and young *Profeſſor*.

Apoſtat.

HOw many ſtraights and croſſes have I met,
Since I my ſelf to ſeek for *Canaan* ſet!
Red Seas and Wilderneſſes lye between;
Why venture I for what I ne'r have ſeen?
Why can I not where I am Remain?
Or to my old delights turn back again.
My head has been perplext with cares and fears,
Since to theſe Preachers I inclin'd mine ears.
They were but fancies that diſturb'd my mind,
I ſought for ſomething which I could not find.
Would God in *Egypt* I had ſtill remain'd,
For there's no *Canaan* likely to be gain'd.
Conſcience be ſi'ent, don't diſturb me more
Upon ſuch things, I will no longer pore,
For back to *Egypt* I will now retire
Where I ſhall have things to my hearts deſire.

Devil.

Devil.

Purſue thy purpoſe, thou ſhalt underſtand,
What e're I have ſhall be at thy command:
My Kingdom's great, this world is wholly mine,
Bow down to me, and all ſhall then be thine.
Afraid I was I ſhould have loſt thee quite. (ſight.
There's nought like that which here's now in thy
Behold the Bags of Gold which thou ſhalt have,
Honours on earth, riches and pleaſures brave,
When others forc'd in Priſon are to lye;
Thou ſhalt enjoy thy precious liberty,
When Kings and Princes do upon them frown,
Thou ſhalt be held in honour and renown.
Thou haſt much goods laid up for many years,
And long ſhalt live free from all cares and fears.
Thy Seed eſtabliſh'd too ſhall be on earth,
And thou ſhalt ſpend thy days in joy and mirth,
Thoughts of Religion utterly diſdain,
Nor think of God, or Jeſus Chriſt again,
Phanatick fables never more regard,
The pains of Hell of which thou oft haſt heard,
Are nought ſave fictions of their craſy head;
With fear of nothing are they frightened,
That mad men like, they do tread under feet
Thoſe lovely joys which wiſemen find moſt ſweet.
Religion's nought but a deviſed thing,
Which up at firſt ſome crafty head did bring
To awe the minds of fools, who wanting wit,
Take that for Gold that's a mere counterfeit.

The

The truth of th'Scripture thou haſt cauſe to doubt,
For divers places thou may'ſt ſoon find out
Which inconſiſtent to each other be,
Of what it ſpeaks there is no certainty.
Conclude in Truth there is no God at all,
Why ſhould'ſt thou be ſo fooliſh as to call
On him, whom thou did'ſt never ſee or know,
Unleſs its thus; becauſe that moſt do ſo.
Let Melancholy fancies now therefore,
Ne're vex thy mind, nor grieve thee any more.
Enjoy thy ſelf on Earth, and heap up Gold,
No good like that which purſe and bags do hold.
Come eat and drink, to morrow thou muſt die;
And afterwards there's no Eternity
As ſome ſuppoſe, for thou i'th' grave ſhalt rot,
And as the Beaſt be utterly forgot:
But ſince you know it is reproach to them,
Who all Religion utterly contemn.
Thou may'ſt Religious alſo ſeem to be,
For there is one that's very fit for thee.
Melodious ſounds, ſweet mirth, and Muſick rare,
Do much affect the heart, and charm the ear.
No worſhip on the Earth doth ſuit ſo well
With fleſh or blood, or doth for eaſe excell,
Or with man's intereſt doth ſo well agree,
Like what's maintain'd in famous *Italy*.
That, that's the worſhip which for thee I pick,
I'me not againſt thy turning Catholick.
If there's a Heaven, of this thou need'it not doubt,
An eaſier way for thee I can't find out.

The

The way's ſo broad, whole Nations walk therein,
And perſons of all ſorts, no let is ſin.
Wer't thou at *Rome*, thou'ſt hear melodious ſounds
Sweet joys and mirth on every ſide abounds:
Fine boys and men raviſhing notes do ſing
Whil'ſt Organs play in Conſort, and Bells ring;
In that brave way thou'lt have thy liberty
To do ſuch things as others do deny.
Thou may'ſt be mad, carouſe, and domineer,
Strict *Roman Catholicks* ſuch things can bear; (curſe
If thou doſt ſwear, drink healths, yea, or ſhould'ſt
There's few i'th' Church would like thee e're the
Or if thou ſhould'ſt ſome curious *Lady* ſpy, (worſe.
Or view ſome pretty Maid with wanton eye,
To court or play with her thou need'ſt not fear,
For Venial ſins alas all ſuch things are;
And one great help and remedy thou'lt have,
Which from all grief and danger will thee ſave;
If it fall out by chance at any time (crime,
Thou ſhoul'ſt commit ſome great and hainous
There is ſtraight-way the bleſſed Abſolution,
A preſent help, and yet no ſuperſtition.
For a ſmall ſum of mony ſoon is had
A pardon for all ſins, though ne'r ſo bad.
His Holineſs for a few ſhillings can
Murder and Perjury forgive to man;
Nay unto thee can grant a Diſpenſation
To kill and murder any in a Nation;
Who us and th' Holy Church hate and oppoſe,
Come trouble not thy ſelf, but ſtraight-way cloſe

W th

With this fam'd *Church to whom ſuch power's given*
To ope and ſhut with eaſe the Gates of Heaven.
And make that ſin to day which ne'r was ſin,
And that lawful, which lawful ne'r hath bin.
Come buy thee Beads and Crucifix alſo,
And as the Church believes, believe thou too.
For this I hope to ſee o're a few days,
Some thouſands more cleaving to thoſe old ways,
And thou wilt not ſuch an advantage gain,
As now thou may'ſt with eaſe I am ſure obtain.
And ſince in kindneſs and affection dear,
I've ſhew'd thee how to be preferred here.
And do engage thy faithful friend to be:
There's ſome ſmall thing I'd have thee do for me;
Speak evil of the way thou late waſt in,
Believe them all, and charge them too with ſin.
Their faults lay ope, let nought at all be hid,
Revile, reproach, and ſlander in my ſtead:
Shew how they differ, that they can't agree,
There's little love, and want of Charitie.
Of *Canaan*-Land raiſe thou an ill report,
To turn them back who are a going for't
One thing at preſent I would have thee do,
There is a friend of mine which thou doſt know,
VVho hath a Son which is indeed his Heir,
That to theſe fooliſh Notions doth adhere,
If he ſhould viſit thee, whith ſpeed do thou
Treat with the peeviſh youth, I'le teach thee how
To controvert the cauſe, my place ſupply,
And do what I could not do formerly.

His

His forward zeal will do my Kingdom wrong,
Cauſe others alſo in that way to throng.
And you ſhall alſo ſome deriſion bear
Through his hot zeal, if that you ha'nt a care.

Vicinus.

The thoughts, which Satan darts into his mind,
He cloſeth with, and fully is inclin'd
His Counſel for to take, what e're become
Of his poor Soul at the great day of Doom.
An Atheiſt he's become in heart and life,
And hath abandon'd all his Chriſtian ſtrife.
He's ready now, and fit for any evil,
An inſtrument prepared for the Devil.
But ſince the Gentleman and he are met,
I will give way, and hearken how they treat
About this youth, that has of late begun,
Reſolvedly to Heaven for to run.
You'l hear how this Apoſtate will ingage,
To turn him from his bleſſed Pilgrimage.

Apoſtate.

What my old Friend E. R. Sir, I am glad
To ſee you once again, yet I am ſad,
And grieved ſore to ſee you look ſo ill;
What evil Sir, I pray, has you befel?
What is the cauſe of this your preſent grief?
If I can give, or help you to relief,
Or comfort you i'th' leaſt, I willing am,
And ſhall rejoyce, alſo I hither came.

Gent.

Gent.

Ah Sir, my Son, my Heir, doth grieve my mind,
He from whom I moſt comfort hop'd to find,
Contrariwiſe will prove a plague to me,
Unleſs he can with ſpeed recover'd be.
He'l be a Preacher I do think e're long,
He's ſuch a Bookiſh-fool, and ſo headſtrong,
That I have little hopes he'l e're be good;
Here's cauſe of grief if rightly underſtood.
He is become ſucha vile Heretick,
That *Rome*'s good Church, and the true Catholick.
Moſt vilely, I perceive, he doth diſdain,
And doth, forſooth, tell me he's born again,
I do beſeech you Sir, do what you can,
If you can't change his mind, there's not a man
I think, in truth, that ever prevail will;
O arm your ſelf therefore, and try your skill;
If you can turn him from theſe waies, then I
Shall be ingag'd to you until I die.
You were deceiv'd your ſelf ſome time ago,
And therefore now more able are to ſhow
The vanity of theſe deviſed waies,
And Bookiſh-fables of theſe ſilly daies.
Having the Scripture in our Mother-tongue
Has been the ruin of us all along:
For, ſince men did our holy Church forſake,
And up new notions of Religion take,
Nought but confuſion in the VVorld we ſee,
And otherwiſe, in truth, 'twill never be

Un-

Until their Books i'th' fire all do burn,
And they unto the Ancient Church do turn.

Apoſtate.

I am good Sir of that opinion too,
And ſorry am to hear what now you do
Relate to me, and will alſo in truth
Do what I can to turn that ſilly youth;
For I can ſhew and make him underſtand
The danger that attends on ev'ry hand.
The hopes of unſeen things will him deceive,
And Faith's but a meer fancy I believe:
That's the chief good which man doth here enjoy,
And that's the evil which doth him annoy,
Or doth deprive him of this joy and bliſs,
None but Phanaticks will deny me this;
Who boaſt of that they never did poſſeſs;
They lie alas, and are (in truth) no leſs
Than frantick fools, for I could never ſee
Of what they ſpeak, there's any certainty.
I will therefore endeavour out of love,
Your Son from theſe deluſions to remove:
And ſince I do perceive he's neer at hand,
I'le take my leave,

Your Servant to Command.

THE

THE PROLOGVE.

ATtend kind friend, read with a serious eye
And thou shalt a sharp Conflict soon espy
Between a man quite void of godly fear,
And a dear youth most holy and sincere.
The one affirms all godliness is vain,
The other counts it for the greatest gain.
Mark thou the end of both, and thou shalt see
Whats best to chuse, Grace or Iniquitie.

Apostate.

Well met, good Sir, from whence pray did you (come?

Professor.

I am a stranger, and am Trav'ling home.

Apostate.

Are you a stranger in this Countery,

Professor.

Yea, as were all our Fathers formerly.

Apostate.

But from whence came ye? let's confer together.

Professor.

From *Egypt* Sir, *Apost.* I am Trav'ling thither,

Apoſtate.

What is your buſineſs, Sir, that thus in pain
You ſtrive againſt the wind with might and main?
E're further you do go, ſit down, account,
See whether that you run for will ſurmount
The labour great, and loſs you will ſuſtain,
Before the price in Truth ye do obtain.
What place is it to which you think to go,
That to adviſe you I may fully know?
For good inſtruction to you I'le afford,
When I this thing from you have plainly heard.

Profeſſor.

I am for *Canaan* that moſt Holy Land,
I'le travel thither as God doth command,
Whoſe worth and value I do know full well,
For Riches it doth far all things excell.
And though all things I loſe e're I come there,
'Twill all my loſſes I am ſure repair.
The worth of that therefore for which I run,
I did account before I firſt begun.

Apoſtate.

Know you of certain, the place is ſo rare,
You may miſtake, for you were never there.

Pro-

Profeſſor.

Ah Sir, of it I have a glorious ſight,
Which doth my Soul tranſcendently delight,
Although in perſon there I ne'r have been,
Yet I moſt plain ſweet *Canaan* oft have ſeen:
Beſides, I lately ſpoke with a dear friend,
Who did the other day from thence deſcend;
And unto me its glory he did ſhow,
Its precious worth from thence I came to know:
Some of its fruits alſo to me he gave,
Which makes me long till I poſſeſſion have.

Apoſtate.

Is't not the fancy of thy craſy-head?
I have likewiſe of ſuch a *Canaan* read;
It may be ſo, or ſo it may not be,
It ne'r ſeem'd real truly unto me.
Who would for things which ſo uncertain are,
Such loſſes ſuffer, and ſuch labour bear.
A Bird i'th' hand's worth two i'th' buſh, ye know,
This Zeal *(poor Lad)* will work thy overthrow.

Profeſſor.

You vainly talk, and live by ſight and ſenſe,
I walk by faith, which is the evidence
Of things not ſeen, here with an outward eye.
What thou ſee'ſt not I clearly do eſpy.
'Tis not the fancy of a craſy-brain,
For *Moſes* that its glory he might gain,

All *Egypts* Treasures quickly did forego,
Was that the way unto his overthrow?
No, no, dear Sir, he saw it was the way
To peace and honour in another day:
The glory real did his Soul behold,
To be so great, that never can be told.
If thou had'st drunk but of its glorious springs,
Thou would'st it prize above all earthly things.
If thou hadst tasted but of *Canaans* hony,
Thou would'st esteem it more than bags of mony.
Although I make, alas, a poor profession,
Yet I have now something in my possession.
Lock'd up most safe in my refreshed brest,
More rare than Pearls within a golden Chest.
True peace of conscience, that through grace I have
Which passeth all mens knowledge to conceive.
I would of it not be depriv'd again,
If that I might ten thousand worlds obtain.

Apostate.

Tush, silly Fool, kick Conscience quite away,
Ne'r mind his motions, nor what he doth say.
I stifl'd him, and that a good while since,
And took revenge for his proud Insolence.
His gasping groans I no ways did regard,
But let my heart against him grow so hard,
That I do judge I have his business done.
He's dead in truth and to dark silence gone;
That now I can, without the least controul,
Have any pleasures which delight my Soul

Professor

Profeſſor.

Ah Sir, go on, if that's the choice ye make,
I never will ſuch curſed Councel take.
Who ever doth his Conſcience ſo abuſe,
Doth his dear Maker in like manner uſe.
And though in you poor Conſcience now lies ſlain
I'th' Judgment day he will revive again.
And then againſt you his ſad witneſs bear,
And in your face moſt gaſtfully will ſtare.
You'l have the worſt at laſt, I grieve to ſee
You hardned thus in your Iniquity.

Apoſ. My ſorrow's gone, but thine alas will double
Concerning me thy ſelf do thou not trouble.
The ſtorms and bluſt'ring winds are over paſt,
And very ſafe I am arriv'd at laſt,
In that ſame Port where Princes do delight
For to repoſe and harbour day and night.
Toſſ'd I have been upon the boyſterous Seas,
And 'till of late ne'r could find reſt nor eaſe.
But now I'm ſafely landed, and with good
Shall fated be, whil'ſt thou art toſs'd i'th' flood.
Thou ſhalt poor youth with dreadful ſtorms be hurl'd,
Whilſt I ſhall find a very quiet world.
All thy beſt days are gone, and plung'd thou'lt be
Into ſad Gulfes of woful miſerie.
Unleſs thou doſt recant, & ſtop thy courſe, (worſe.
Thou'lt ſee things with thee will grow worſe and
Thoſe fools who do their nicer Conſcience mind,
E're long they ſhall but little friendſhip find.

Youth.

Sir, Storms and Tempeſts do I know attend,
Thoſe who reſolve poor Conſcience to befriend.
Paul's Portion 'twas, who from his very youth,
Had kept good Conſcience, and obey'd the truth.
He met with bluſtring winds, was toſs'd about,
Yet did bear up for *Canaan* moſt devout,
'Till he at laſt the glorious Voyage made,
Getting the Crown which ne're away ſhall fade.
All thoſe who ſayl'd this way, have all along,
Met with great oppoſition and much wrong
From Pyrats, Spoylers, and Uſurpers, who
Contrived have the Righteous to undo.
This terrifies me not, becauſe that I
Know 'tis the way to true Felicity.
The gold and precious things the Merchant gains,
Do quit his coſt, and recompence his pains.
The Riches which he brings at his return,
Makes him great dangers often-times to run.
So hopes of joys, the which Cœleſtial are,
Makes me no labour nor no coſt to ſpare.
You are for preſent things, I further ſee;
You are for Earth, but Heaven is for me.
You are for pleaſures, and for bags of Gold,
I am for that which *Moſes* did behold.
You are for eaſe, whatever it doth coſt,
And honours here, though Soul for it be loſt.
VVho makes the wiſeſt choice, let him declare,
Let Death and Judgment ſhew who wiſe men are.

My

My purpoſe I'le purſue what e're I meet,
My portion's great, my peace, no counterfeit.
Heaven is my Port, ther's ſuch a place I'm ſure,
Nought ſhall entice me nor my ſoul allure
To loſe my hold, I'le keep firm in my ſtation.
Though in my way I meet with tribulation.
Yet I moſt ſafe ſhall there at laſt arrive,
No men nor Devils ever ſhall deprive
My ſoul of that eternal dwelling place,
Such confidence I have obtain'd through grace.

Apoſtate.

If I ſhould grant things which ſo doubtful are,
That there's a *Canaan* or a Heaven, where
Sweet joys abound beyond what's here below;
Yet hard it is for any man to know
The ready way unto that ſeeming place,
Conſider this, Oh 'tis a weighty caſe!
For there ſo many ways and voices be,
How thou ſhould find the right I do not ſee.
Thou art a ſtranger too, thou toldſt, be plain,
Come come, young man, turn with me back again.

Youth.

Nothing (dear Sir) more certain is than this,
That there's a Heaven or eternal Bliſs.
The Heathens could by Natures light eſpy,
Mans chiefeſt good or beſt Felicity.

Muſt needs excel the high'ſt enjoyments here,
And ſhall this doubtful unto thoſe appear (known
Who have Gods works (moſt dreadfully made
Yea and his word which very few or none
VVho live in any land the like have had;
Shall ſuch turn Atheiſts? this is very ſad.
Is not Jehovah every where made known
By fearful Judgments, which are dayly ſhown
And why think you I can't the true way find,
Seeing Jeſus has in writing left his mind
In plain Characters, which whilſt I obſerve,
I from the truth am ſure no ways to ſwerve.
He came from thence himſelf the other day,
And gave directions how to find the way.
This writing's firm, 'tis ſigned with his blood,
That the old dragon, with his mighty flood,
Of ſuperſtition, and perſecuting fire,
Could not it ſpoil nor gain his curſt deſire.
The holy Scripture God to us hath given,
To guide our ſouls in the right way to Heaven.
Though Satan has made oppoſition ſtrong.
Yet ſtill we have it in our mother tongue.
And by this means, moſt plain I come to know,
The very foot ſteps where the flock did go.

Apoſtate.

Though you of Scripture ſeem to make your boaſt,
Your hop esof this will ſuddenly be loſt.
For you much longer it an't like to have,
Your ſouls and others thus for to deceive.

For

For holy Church once more will quite deſtroy
This *Engliſh* God, which they ſeem to enjoy.
Thou art un'earn'd, the Scriptures doſt not know,
But wreſteſt them unto thy overthrow.

Youth.

They are unlearn'd, whom God has never taught,
But have in Popiſh darkneſs up been brought.
They are unlearn'd, who never had the Spirit,
Who think they can by Works ſalvation merit.
They are unlearn'd, who fooliſhly deny
The Spirits Teachings and Authority.
For to excell all humane Arts and Science,
And on man's teaching wholly have reliance.
They are unlearn'd, or very poorly read,
That teach Chriſt Jeſus is a piece of Bread,
Which Rats and Mice may eat, and vomit up,
And do deny the Layety the Cup.
For thoſe for whom Chriſt did his Body break
He of the Cup did bid them all partake.
They are unlearn'd, who think that Purgatory,
Can be ought elſe than a meer fained Story.
They are unlearn'd, whoſe Doctrine doth declare
The Church two heads doth on its ſhoulders bear.
That Woman which hath any Husbands more
Than only one, is a notorious Whore.
That man's unlearn'd, who learned never hath
The A B C of the true Chriſtian Faith.
That man I grant is wholly yet unlearn'd,
Who never knew himſelf, nor yet diſcern'd

The

The curſed nature of his hainous ſin,
Nor what eſtate by nature he is in.
That man's unlearn'd who never went to School,
To learn for Chriſt how to become a Fool.
That man's unlearn'd, yea, and a very Sot,
VVho hath his ſoul and Jeſus Chriſt forgot.
And doth eſteem earths empty vanity,
Above that good which Saints in God eſpy.
I am unlearn'd, and yet have learned how
To crucifie the fleſh, yea, and to bow
To Jeſus Chriſt, and for his precious ſake,
His yoak and burden willingly to take.
And follow him where ever he doth go,
And him alone determine for to know.
VVho for my ſake upon the Croſs did dye,
Him I have learn'd alone to magnifie.
And to exalt him as he's Prieſt and King,
And as my Prophet too in every thing.
And this through grace I learned have of late,
To be content whatever be my ſtate.
Some things I muſt confeſs I ne'r could learn,
Nor any ways perceive, ſee, or diſcern.
I never read of *Peters* tripple Crown,
Nor that he ever wore a Popiſh Gown.
I never learn'd that he did *Pope* become,
Or Rule o're Kings like to the beaſt at *Rome*.
I never learn'd that he kept Concubins,
Or ever power had to pardon ſins.
I never learn'd he granted diſpenſations,
To poyſon Kings, or Rulers of thoſe Nations.

VVho

VVho were prophane or turned hereticks,
Or did refuſe the Faith of Catholicks.
I never learn'd he was the Churches head,
Or did forbid the Clergy for to wed.
I never read that he had Cheſts of Gold,
Or that great Benefits by him were ſold.
I never read he's call'd his Holineſs,
Yet had as much as any Pope I gheſs.
I never learn'd *Peter* did magnifie
Himſelf above all Gods, or God on high.
Or that upon the neck of Kings he trod,
Or ever he in Cloth of Gold was clad.
I never read that he made Laws to burn
Such as were hereticks, or would not turn
To Jeſus Chriſt, much leſs to Murder thoſe,
Who did in Truth Idolatry oppoſe.
I never learn'd, nor could unto this day,
That th' Pope and *Peter* walk'd both in one way:
Yea, or that they in any thing accord
Save only in denying of the Lord.
In that they alſo greatly differ do,
Of which I think to give a hint or two.
Peter deny'd him, yet did love him dear,
The Pope denies him, and doth hatred bear
To him, and to all thoſe that him do love.
VVho bear his Image, and are from above.
Peter deny'd him, and did weep amain,
The Pope denies him with the great'ſt diſdain.
Peter deny'd him, yet for him did die,
The Pope in malice him doth crucifie.

Peter

Peter deny'd him thrice, and then repented,
The Pope a thousand times, but ne'r relented.
Peter and *John* no mighty Scholars were,
Yet few for knowledge might with them compare.
Poor Fisher-men do find the way to Heaven,
When Scholars go astray, who Arts have seven.
The Learned Schoolmen put our Lord to Death,
And very few of such Christ called hath.
But poor despised persons he doth call,
And passeth by the high-flown Cardinal.
For humane learning, and such kind of Preaching,
Is nothing to the blessed Spirits teaching.
I learning like, and grant that men may use it,
Yet would I not have them for to abuse it.

Apostate.

Leave off these canting strains, and don't deride
Our holy Father, for I can't abide
To hear such prating Fools. Are you so wise?
Dare you the holy Mother Church despise?
'Tis that Religion I like best of all.
The Pope I do adore and Cardinal.
There's Pomp and Riches, and a worldly glory,
What you talk of, is an unpleasant story.
There's Pleasure, profit, safety and much ease,
Which doth the flesh as well as spirit please.
Here's Heaven and Earth, what can'st thou more desire,
Or of thy God, or any man require?
Thy way th'hast lost, and *Canaan* wilt not see,
Therefore with speed turn back again with me.

Professor.

Professor.

Could I no other reason give or urge
To prove *Romes* Church untrue, I can't but judge,
This which you speak, doth plainly it declare,
For in Christs Church no such vain pomps appear
No worldly glory doth Christs Church adorn,
For she's afflicted, much despis'd and torn.
Her beauty can't with outward eyes be seen,
Her beauty and her glory are within.
When *John* sets forth the antichristian state,
Much outward pomp 'tis true he doth relate.
The Whore is deck'd with Gold, brave Stones and Pearl,
Who at poor *Sion* doth with envy sneare.
No liberty to th' flesh the Lord doth give.
Saints must alone after the Spirit live,
No serving God and Mammon, Sir 'tis plain,
To Hell you go except you'r born again.
If you'l be Christs, with speed then turn you must,
To crucifie the flesh with all it's lust.
No cause have I to fear to go astray,
Whilst I walk dayly in the narrow way.
All those who do Gods holy word contemn,
No light nor truth is there at all in them.
Their feet on the dark Mountains soon will fall,
And utter ruin will or'etake them all.
But as for me no cause have I to doubt,
But I shall find this blessed *Canaan* out.
To turn to *Egypt* with you back again,
The thoughts of it my soul doth much disdain.

Do'st

Doſt think I'le leave my *Quails* and *Manna* rare
For ſtinking Garlick, and baſe Onyons there?

Apoſtate.

For all your courage, Sir, I do ſuppoſe,
You will repent that ever you have choſe,
To leave the comforts of a precious World,
And with fond zeal thus blindly to be hurl'd.
You are a man that might advanced be,
Unto great Honour, State, and Dignity.
Your Father's Maſter of a good Eſtate,
And you too are his Heir, I hear of late.
But if you don't this new Religion leave,
One groat of him you are not like to have.

Profeſſor.

This World in a juſt balance oft I try,
And find it lighter far than vanity.
Riches alas! they are but bags of cares,
And honors nought ſave fool-bewitching Snares.
Your outward joy will turned be to ſadneſs,
Your pleaſure into pain, your wiſdom's madneſs.
You catch at nothing, 'tis at beſt a bubble,
Which long you cannot keep although you double
Your diligence, and think to hold it faſt,
'Twill fly with ſpeed, 'tis but an empty blaſt.
What frantick fit is this? Will you deſtroy
Your higher hopes for ſuch a fanci'd joy?
This world's juſt like th' Strumpet of whom I've
Who with ſweet fumes inticeth to her bed. (read,
With

With amorous glances promises a Bliss,
And hides destruction with a fained Kiss.
She has her tricks, and her ensnaring wiles,
But lodges death under deceitful smiles.
She huggs the Soul she hates, yea, and doth prove,
A very *Judas* where she fains to love.
Take heest therefore, lest you be catch'd i'th' snare,
And buy your late repentance much too dear.
These comforts here which you do precious call,
Each wise man sees they'r vain and flitting all.
To think I should repent, no cause is there,
If things by you rightly consid'red were.
What *Moses* chose of old, the same do I,
All vain allurements I do quite defie.
I knew when first my Journey I did take.
I must my Fathers house learn to forsake.
In *Abraham*'s steps I am resolv'd to go,
What ever I exposed am unto.
What e're I lose, Christ will mak't up to me,
When I of *Canaan* shall possessed be.
I seek no honour here from any one,
True honour comes (dear Sir) from God alone.
To be an Heir unto a great Estate,
Or Son unto some earthly Potentate,
Is nought to what by grace I am born to.
My Portion great, I know not how to show
I'm Heir unto the mighty King of Heaven,
To me, e're long, sweet *Canaan* will be given.
I do resolve to hold out to the end,
Although I han't one groat nor earthly Friend

To

To favour me: I never will return
Until this glorious *Canaan* I have wone.

Apostate.

What ground have you (my friend) for to believe
If you forsake all things, you shall receive
This land you speak of, for your own possession,
Unto your heart 'tis good to put this question.
For divers do unto great things lay claim,
Yet some oftimes I see, and sure I am,
Unto such lands can no good title show,
Although they strive for them as you may do,
If you should sell what e're you have for this,
And yet at last should also of it miss,
You'l see your self at length then quite undone.
Consider of't, and back with me return,
For no good title of it can be had,
'Twas this alas which once did make Me sad.
To save my own, I thought 'twas best for me,
Unless of this I could assured be.

Profession.

Don't think you shall my zeal for Heaven cool,
Nor my dear Soul with fancies thus befool.
Rouse up my Soul now in thy own defence,
And shew thy clear, thy precious evidence.
Can any thing be plainer here on earth,
'Twas purchas'd for me by Christ Jesus's death.
The father doth this Kingdom own, and he,
For his own child has late adopted me.

And

And if a child, I alſo am an heir
And ſhall with Jeſus this like glory ſhare.

Apoſtate.

How do you know you be his child? in this
You may miſtake, and ſo may *Canaan* miſs.

Profeſſor.

My late converſion doth moſt plainly prove,
My inward birth is truly from above.
The Truth and Conſcience both agree in one,
I am through grace no Baſtard, but a Son.
Thoſe whom God doth by his own Spirit lead,
They are his Sons, you in the Scripture read.
Beſides all this, ſince I did firſt believe,
An earneſt of this Land I did receive.
And divers promiſes alſo there be,
Which bind it firmly over unto me.
Is not my title unto heaven good.
When ſign'd and ſeal'd to me by Chriſt his blood?
You ſee by theſe I have a certain ground,
And good aſſurance for Gods kingdom found.
But you, as it appears, do quite diſpair,
Without all hopes of ever coming there.

Apoſtate.

Nay ſtay a little, don't affirm that neither.
VVhy may not I as ſoon as you, come thither?
Though in that way, in which I late did walk,
I was deceiv'd with many other folk;

And thought that Heaven was entail'd to those
Which did the Pope and Church of *Rome* oppose.
Thinking a man a separate must be
From that same Church, or else could never see,
Finde, nor enjoy eternal peace and rest;
And therefore I, like others, did protest
Against that ancient mother Church whom now
I am resolv'd to own, yea, and to bow
Down unto her, with all humble subjection;
Thinking 'tis best for safety and protection,
Resolving never more to vex my mind
As I have done, for I shall sooner find
In this smooth way assurance for salvation,
Than if I had kept in my former station.
Hopes I may have, no certain ground I know
The Church affirms we can attain unto.
But promises most clear are made to those,
Who seek for the old way, and with it close:
And that *Romes* Church can plead antiquity:
No Protestant I'm sure can it deny:
Yea, and must grant, what ever's their profession
That none save *Rome* can prove their true succession
From those brave Churches which first planted
By the Apostles, as their *Acts* declare. (were
And therefore youth, you must no longer boast
Of faith and confidence, for you have lost
Your way to Heaven, And must therefore look
Unto that Church which long has been forsook.
From the true Church to rend and schismatize,
Is a sad thing though many it despise

For

For though Corruption in the Church there be,
Yet all ſhould walk in uniformitie.

Profeſſor.

Sir, I deny your Churches conſtitution, (tion,
Which makes me loath you, and for your pollu-
Corruption, and vile ſpots, they are ſo bad,
No Church of Chriſt the like hath ever had;
Which I reſolve fully to make appear
Before I'le leave you, if your pleaſ'd to hear.

Apoſtate.

Romes Church was rightly gather'd that's moſt (clear,
Saint *Paul* himſelf to this doth witneſs bear.
Faith and Repentance truly did they own,
And were Baptized in due form 'tis known;
No Church in conſtitution right has been,
If that our Church i'th' leaſt doth fail herein.

Profeſſor.

Romes Church I grant was true i'th' Apoſtles days,
But yours from that doth differ many ways.
Romes Church was very famous heretofore,
But is become the Scarlet-colour'd Whore.
From the true Faith ſhe hath departed quite,
And the true Church was forc't to take her flight
Into the dark and howling wilderneſs,
VVhere ſhe lay hid in ſore and great diſtreſs,

From the vile Beaſt, and Dragons furious rage,
And ſo remain'd until this latter age.
If *Romes* Church now were like unto the old,
Then with the Romaniſts we all would hold,
But when ſhe is become Chriſts enemy,
God out of Babylon, doth bid us fly.
If you can prove *Romes* Church hath not declin'd,
From that Church-State by *Paul* himſelf defin'd,
Then you will undertake for to do more
Than any Papiſt ever did before.
The *Jewiſh* Church God once did own and love,
But for their ſins he did them quite remove.
Out of his ſight they'r broken for their ſin,
VVith other Churches which have famous bin.
And yet do keep ſome outward form and ſhow
Of VVorſhip, and Church-ſtate as *Rome* may do.
VVho has in Truth nought left ſave a bare name,
As hath been clearly prov'd by men of fame.
If you ſhould bring your Viſibility.
To prove your Church is true, I do reply,
A better argument I need not bring
To prove you falſe, than that ſame very thing.
For the true Church was hid, did not appear
A thouſand two hundred and ſixty year.
And then whereas you in the ſecond place
Mention Antiquity, 'tis a clear caſe.
Your Church is under age, yea much too young,
Out of th' Apoſtacy alas ſhe ſprung.
A baſtard Church, baſe born, mere national,
And therefore that's for you no proof at all.

The

The fleſhly ſeed i'th' Church muſt not be brought,
John Baptiſt and our Saviour both ſo taught.
Chriſts Church is gather'd by regeneration,
And not as 'twas i'th' former diſpenſation.
You in a lineal way do go about,
To take in thoſe whom Jeſus hath ſhut out.
The ax is now laid to the root o'th' tree,
And every one true penitent muſt be.
And muſt obtain of God true ſaving grace,
Who in his holy Church would have a place.
Your Church is not ſo gather'd, therefore I
Deny your Church and its antiquity;
That Church which is upheld by'th' carnal ſword,
And not by th' power of Gods holy word.
Is very falſe, and that *Romes* Church is ſo,
Not a few worthy Authors plainly ſhow.
And whereas ſhe much boaſts of holineſs,
No people doubtleſs in the world have leſs;
For *Rome* like to a ſtinking common ſhore,
Receives what ev'ry one caſts forth o'th' door.
She's like a cage of ev'ry hateful bird,
As is recorded in Gods ſacred word.
The Councel which an ancient Author gave,
Let ev'ry ſoul with ſpecial care receive.
Ye that would holy live, from Rome *be packing,*
There's all things elſe, but Godlineſs is lacking.
She alſo doth Doctrines of Divels hold,
According as th' Apoſtle hath foretold.
In charging people to abſtain from meat,
Which God alloweth us freely to eat.

And in denying persons for to wed,
Though God allow the undefiled bed.
By means of these most cursed prohibitions,
Your Clergy stinks alive with gross pollutions.
And many of your filthy Popes of *Rome*
Have *Sodomites* and *Buggerers* become;
Whoredom and Incest they have minc'd so small,
As scarce to count them any sin at all.
Most cursed *Stews* allowed are by them, (demn
VVhom none i'th' *Popedom* dare i'th least con-
Vile *Necromancers* many of them were,
Haters of God, no sin (in truth) is there;
But some o'th' *Popes* of it have guilty been,
As may upon Record be clearly seen.
Is this your holy *Head* and reverend *Father*,
Next unto Christ supream? Is he not rather
A Dev'l incarnate? the worst of mankind,
VVho can in Hell a viler sinner find? (*Love*,
Is *Rome Christ's Church, Christ's Spouse*, his only
His undefiled one, and spotless dove?
Sir, do'nt mistake, she is that *Scarlet Whore*,
VVhom *John* characterized heretofore.
VVhich I shall full evince, and make appear,
If you with patience will but lend an ear.

Apostate.

I find you in reproaches free enough,
But shall expect you so too in your proof.
Those common Epithets of Beast and Whore,
Are daily flung at every bodies door.

But

But for to warrant your ſeverer doom,
Prove that they properly belong to *Rome*.

Profeſſor.

That truth Gods ſacred word doth well explain,
That City which o're Kings of th' Earth did raign,
Was that ſame Whore, the ſpirit clear doth ſhow;
And that *Rome* was that City all men know.
Who then above all others bore the ſway,
'Twas *Rome* the Nations fear'd and did obey.
And ſtill you Papiſts to her Biſhops give
Headſhip o're all who on the earth do live,
Before him Kings and Emperors muſt ſubmit,
That ſo he may the mighty Monarch ſit.
Whilſt abſolute pow'r he claimes, and Sovereignty
Above all Princes by his Tyranny.
From whence all perſons may conclude it true,
By their firſt Mark the title is his due.
The ſecond Character of *Baby'on*,
Is *Pomp and State wherein ſhe proudly ſhone*,
That *Rome* has been a rich gay coſtly Whore,
England once found, I wiſh ſhe may no more.
Infinite Sums almoſt ſhe ſqueez'd from hence,
For pardons, obits, annates, *Peter-pence*. (led,
And through each Land where ſhe her triumphs
VVhole ſwarms of locuſts, Prieſts and Friers were
Theſe (as the *Janizaries* to the *Turk*) (ſpread.
VVere faithful ſlaves ſtill to promote her work.
VVhilſt to maintain thoſe drones ſhe ſwept away,
The fat and wealth of Nations for their prey.

In the third place *she doth mens Souls inslave*,
This mark in *Rome* most evident we have.
With dangerous vows, unwarranted traditions,
Implicit faith, and thousand superstitions,
Pretended miracles, apparent lies,
Damnable Errors and fond sopperies.
She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,
Boasts all her dictates are Infallible:
And then (to fill her measure) i'th' last place,
'Tis said she would Gods precious *Sion* race.
This can of none but *Rome* be understood,
That drunken whore, who reels in Martyrs blood.
As I more largely now shall make appear,
And then with patience your excuses hear.
Within the compass of six thousand years,
Has been presented to the eyes and ears,
Of future ages, the most sad contents
Of bloody tragedies, the dire events
Of dreadful wars, in sev'ral Generations,
The overthrow of many fruitful Nations.
But all comes short of *Romes* most bloody bill,
Which doth the earth with Sanguine volumes fill.
Jerusalem that City of renown,
Sack't by *Vespasian*, burnt and broken down.
It was indeed a dreadful desolation,
And so have conquerors dealt with many a Nation.
All Conqu'rors ever found a time to cease, (peace
When once they'd conquered then they were at
They murder'd not, but such as would not yield,
To own them for their Lords: and in the field.

They

They ſlew them too with weapons in their hand,
For their defence, and always ready ſtand
To give Quarter to thoſe that it demand.
But this vile Strumpets blood-bedabbled hands
Finds not a period, never countermands
Her cruel rage, her murders know no end,
She ſlaughters when ſhe pity doth pretend:
Years terminate not her blood-thirſty acts,
She ſlays without examining their facts.
In times of peace her treach'rous hands have ſhed,
Blood without meaſure: ſhe hath murthered
By curſed Maſſacres her neighbours, when
They thought themſelves the moſt ſecure of men.
One might fill volumes with her bloody ſtory,
In which ſhe ſtill perſiſts: Makes it her glory
T'invent ſtrange torments to deprive the breath
Of Chriſtians, by a tedious lingring death.
The bruti∫h *Nero* firſt of Tyrant-Kings,
From whoſe baſe root nine other Tyrants ſprings.
Whoſe moſt inhumane acts, not to their glory,
Did leave the world a lamentable ſtory.
And to their laſting and eternal ſhame,
Did purchaſe to themſelves that hateful name
Of bloody Monſters in the ſhape of men,
VVhoſe cruel acts deſerve an Iron pen.
That might perpetuate to after-times,
Theſe Heathens cruelty record the crimes.
For which thoſe Chriſtians willingly laid down,
Their earthly houſes for a heavenly Crown.
Reflect a while Sir, and but caſt your eye,
Firſt on thoſe Heathen Emperors cruelty. Then

Then view the bloody Papiſts, and compare
Their cruelties together, and as far
As *Egypts* darkneſs did exceed our night,
Or midnight differs from the morning light,
So far the Papiſt's cruelty does exceed,
The worſt of heathen Tyrants, and indeed
The worſt of Tyrants, ſince the world began,
Or ſince diſſention fell 'wixt man and man.
If *Ciprian's* and *Euſebius* words be true,
Theſe perſecuting Emp'rors yearly ſlew
Millions of ſouls, ſhedding their guiltleſs blood,
Which ran like waters from a mighty flood.
So void their hearts were of all humane pity,
They ſpar'd no age, nor ſex, nor Town, nor City.
The things wherein theſe Chriſtians did offend,
Were only this, they did refuſe to bend,
Their Heaven-devoted knees, or fall before
Thoſe Idol Gods theſe Emperors did adore.
They did believe one God created all,
They did believe in Chriſt, and down did fall
Proſtrate upon the earth, and daily bring
Sacrifice only to that Heav'nly King.
Their Emperors Gods theſe Chriſtians did deride,
This was the cauſe ſo many millions dy'd.
Theſe Emperors thinking themſelves ingag'd,
Their Idol to revenge, grew more inrag'd,
To ſee the Chriſtians boldly to deſpiſe,
Their Gods, and honour Chriſt before their eyes:
They did conclude the nature of th' offence,
Deſerv'd no leſs than death for recompence.

Thus

Thus may we plainly see a reason why
These Heathen Emp'rors use such cruelty.
'Twas not because they worshipt not aright,
But worshipt not at all, nay, did despight.
Unto these Idols which they Gods did call,
Affirming that they were no Gods at all.
An act not to be born by flesh and blood,
To have the Edicts of their Gods withstood.
Yet in the midst of all those Tyrants rage,
Serious advice a little would asswage
Their hellish fury, and for some time cease,
And give the Christians a breathing space.
And when as those ten Emperors ceast to be,
Then terminated all their cruelty. (wrath
Three hundred years accomplisht their fierce
And then the heathens own'd the Christian faith.
And now their Emp'rors do as much adore
The God of Heaven and earth, as they before
Had done their Idols, and zealous for the Church,
Give great donations, make their Bishops rich.
And now proud *Rome*, since *Constantine* the great,
Thou by degrees hast taken up thy seat:
Puft up with riches, swoln with filthy pride,
From Gods pure laws hast quickly turn'd aside.
And now such Bishops only do'st thou chuse,
As God doth hate and utterly refuse:
Proud, sensual, and void of th' holy Spirit.
Such as the Lord hath said, shall not inherit.
Eternal Glory; such thy Bishops be,
Who shoul'd be fill'd with truth and purity.

Shining

Shining like lights before the flock, that they
The better might discern the perfect way.
But now instead of such as these, behold
They are presumpt'ous, proud, imperious bold.
Changing the worship that the Lord makes known,
And in its stead will introduce their own.
Yea so presumptious are they in their pride,
As to affirm Gods holy word's no guide
For men to walk by; the only rule that they
Do counsel men, nay force them to obey.
Is their traditions which th' affirm to be.
Far more authentick than our Lords decree,
VVithin his holy VVord he us hath given,
For a sure light to guide our steps to Heaven.
And now these Christians whose more tender heart
Dares not believe them, fearing to depart
From Gods directions, which in his blessed word
He hath so plainly left upon record
These are the men this wicked Strumpet hath
So often made the objects of her wrath.
Making the earth to drink the guiltless bloud,
Of such as for Gods holy VVord have stood.
Oh! Let the bloud-drunk earth ne're cease to cry
Unto the Heaven-enthroned Majesty,
'Till God take vengeance as he did on *Cain*,
For all the righteous *Abels* she hath slain.
Not for denying, but honouring the Lord,
Yea, for believing that his sacred word
Is the most perfect, and the truest guide,
The rule by which all doctrines should be tride.

Our

Our bleſſed Lord bids ſearch them, for ſaith he,
They are the words that teſtifie of me.
Lo here's the cauſe, behold the reaſon why,
The VVhore has acted ſo much cruelty.
Inhumane murthers doth this VVhore invent,
VVhereby ſhe daily ſlays the innocent.
The numbers ſhe hath murdered, do ſurmount
The ſtricteſt of Arithmeticks account.
VVhat Countrey hath not taſted of the Cup,
That her moſt bloudy hands have poured up.
How hath ſhe ſtir'd up Nations to ingage
Againſt each other to ſatisfie her rage?
VVhere Millions have been brought unto the duſt,
Only to ſatisfie this Strumpets luſt?
That ſhe the better might ingroſe the power
Of Hell into her hands, and ſo devour
At her blood thirſty pleaſure, ſuch as ſhe
Could not perſwade to love Idolatry.
Perfideous *France*, whoſe moſt inhumane wrath,
Paſſing the limits of a Chriſtian faith.
VVithin the ſpace of eight and twenty days,
Thy bloody hands moſt treacherouſly betrays
Ten thouſand ſouls, and to that bloudy ſcore,
Ads quickly after twenty thouſand more.
How many murders more that Popiſh Nation
Have done, the *Romiſh* Hiſt'ries make relation;
And yet from cruelty *Rome* has not ceaſt,
But as her years, her murders have increaſt:
And ſwoln to bigger numbers in leſs ſpace,
As *Bellarmine* affirmeth to her face;

VVho

VVho thus atteſts, that from the morning light,
Until the Sable Curtains of the night
VVere cloſely drawn, her bloudy hands did ſlay,
A hundred thouſand Souls, O! let that day
In Characters of bloud recorded be,
That may remain unto Eternity.
O let the Earth that drinketh in the rain,
That did receive the bloud of all the ſlain;
Let both the Heavens, and the Earth implore
The God of heaven to confound the VVhore.
O poor *Bohemia*, thou haſt had a taſte,
VVhen wicked *Julian* laid thy countrey waſte.
Burning thy Towns and Villages with fire,
Sparing no young, nor old, nor Son, nor ſire.
VVhat multitudes unnumbred were thy ſlain,
VVhich in the field unburied did remain!
Thou found'ſt the wolviſh Popes in every age
Contrive thy ruin, many times ingage
Thy Neighbour Nations to ſhed forth thy blood,
Only becauſe faithful *Bohemia* ſtood
For Gods pure worſhip. *Martin* the ſixt excites
(Knights,
Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Barons, Earls and
VVith one conſent to fall upon that Nation,
On no leſs terms than on their own Salvation;
Promiſing alſo upon that condition,
To give a full and abſolute remiſſion.
Unto the vileſt ſinner that e're ſtood
Upon the earth, that would but ſhed the blood,

Though

Though but of one *Bohemian*; O rage!
Not to be parelled in any age.
Except that Monſter, who did ſore rebuke,
The over-charitable Popiſh Duke
Of De Alva, and would you know his crime,
It was becauſe that he in ſix years time,
Through too much lenity, caus'd not the earth
To drink more Chriſtians blood than iſſued forth
From eighteen thouſand ſouls; for this, the Duke
Was thought by Papiſts worthy of rebuke.
Is eighteen thouſand in ſix years ſo few?
In the account of your bloud thirſty crue,
Inhumanly to murther, yea indeed,
Becauſe their former numbers did exceed.
But if the Duke of *Alva*'s bloody bill,
Came ſhort in numbers yet his hand did fill
It up with Torments, ſo dreadful to rehearſe,
As that the very thoughts thereof would pierce
A Marble heart, make Infidels relent,
Torments that none but Devils could invent,
But if all this was over little ſtill,
His predeceſſors added to the bill.
For from the time that helliſh Inquiſition,
Did from the Devil firſt receive commiſſion.
As well approv'd Hiſtory doth relate,
Till thirty years expired had their date;
By cruel torments which they ſtill retain,
Was a hundred and fifty thouſand ſlain.
And yet before they took away their breath,
They for ſome time did make each day a death.

Depri-

Depriving them, as far as in them lay,
Of all th' comfort that either night or day
Affords mankind; for them their was not found,
So much Sun-light as to behold the ground
On which they ſtood: Each day that giveth light,
VVas unto them like *Egypts* darkeſt Night.
In helliſh darkneſs thus they made them ſpend
Their weary hours, and kindly in the end
Deſtroyed them: the company they had
VVithin thoſe darkſome caverns, was their ſad
And melancholy thoughts, their ſighs and growns,
Their doleful lodgings was upon the ſtones.
If noyſome creatures bred and foſtred there,
Theſe noyſome creatures their companions were.
VVhat food they eat, was only to ſecure
Their ſouls alive, that ſo they might endure
The ſeveral torments that they did provide,
And ſo a hundred and fifty thouſand di'd,
Beſide what di'd by perſecuting hands,
VVithin the *Popes* Confines in ſeveral lands.
Thus may I ſooner ſpend my ſtrength and tears,
And tire (if you regard) your eyes and ears,
Than give a full and abſolute relation,
Of all the acts of *Romes* abomination.
Oh! May my native Countrey rather hear
Their bloody Acts, than in the leaſt part bear
Her burthen, or behold her murdring hand,
Once more ſpread through the Confines of our land
But I perceive theſe truths are dully heard,
And that you little my diſcourſe regard.

Apoſtate.

Apoſtate.

Yes, yes, I hear and ſmile, what *Tragedies*
You make of lawful juſt ſeverities.
The Martyrs you applaud were Rebbels too,
And ſtill againſt authority would goe.
If then they ſuffer'd, who pray is to blame?

Profeſſor.

That I have ſhewn already to their ſhame.
And I would have my Country men to take
Another taſte that may preſerve awake
Their drouſie Souls, who take a dying nap,
Much like deluded *Sampſon* on the lap
Of luſtful *Dalila*, whoſe treacherous breath,
Sends forth the Meſſenger of *Sampſons* death;
Let not the Strumpets ſugred words, perſwade
Thee to give credit t'her, that's been her trade
To promiſe faireſt when ſhe doth intend
To deal falſeſt, ſhe doth betray her friend
Like wicked *Cain*, firſt of that ſinful race,
That ſlew his Brother ſmiling in his face.
From the firſt time that e're the helliſh rage
Of Jeſuits appeared on the ſtage
To act their parts in *England*, *France*, and *Spain*.
And *Italy* her bloody hands hath ſlain,
Nine hundred thouſand ſouls or there about,
E're many years had run their hours out.
Of the *Americans* by *Popiſh Spain*,
In fifty years was fifteen Millions ſlain.

The poor religious *Waldenſes*, whoſe eye,
Like the quick ſighted *Vulture*, did eſpy
Romes filthy whoredoms, and freely diſclaim
Her vile Idolatry, and hate the ſame. (Cup,
Drunk dreadful draughts of *Romes* moſt bloody
VVhich ſhe with Hell-bred fury poured up.
And for no other cauſe, her bloody hands,
She did ſtretch forth with hell-inraged bands;
Being ſent abroad forthwith, to put to death
Both young & old, each man that draweth breath;
And yet, as if ſhe had not been content,
To Murder Parents with their Innocent
And harmleſs Babes, as if their helliſh-breath
Had now been ſpent with putting ſouls to death.
Fourſcore ſweet Babes that never did offend,
Famiſh'd to Death, their harmleſs lives did end.
Search, ſearch into the deep Abyſs of hell,
And ſee if all the Dev'ls can parallel
So vile an act, O moſt imperious Treaſon
Againſt the King of Kings, and law of Reaſon!
Are Papiſts Chriſtians, and are theſe their *Acts*
To puniſh ſuch as ne'r committed *Facts*?
Are thoſe right actings, fitting Goſpel-times?
To lay on Babes the weight of higheſt Crimes?
Did Chriſt do thus, or hath he ever given
Them leave to deal ſo with the heirs of *Heaven*?
Thoſe murd'red Souls under the Altar lie,
Crying how long *Eternal Majeſty*,
How long wil't be e're thou avenge thy Saints,
And lend thine ear unto their ſad complaints?

Theſe *Waldenſes* being overcome and dead,
A little remnant that eſcaped fled,
Taught by Dame Natures Moral-Laws to ſave
Their much deſired lives, within a Cave
Did hide themſelves, hoping at laſt, that they
Taking advantage of another day,
VVhen Golden *Titan* had laid down his head
Upon the Pillows of his VVeſtern-Bed,
And *Proſerpina* Lady of the Night,
Had drawn her Sable Curtains, then they might
Tranſport themſelves into ſome other land,
And ſo eſcape out of the hunters hand.
But as the *Hound* that hunts the wearied *Hart*,
Doth ply their ſteps, and never will depart
The Fields and Meadows, or the ſilent wood
Till they ſurpriſe the Beaſt: ev'n ſo theſe blood
Devouring Monſters having found the Cave,
Moſt barb'rouſly did make that place their grave,
VVherein four hundred yielding up their breath,
VVere in a barb'rous manner choak'd to death.
No Nation in the world hath ever ſeen,
A Foe ſo dreadful as the VVhore hath been.
It is farr better to be overcome
By *Turk* or *Heathen*, than by Chriſtian *Rome*.
VVhat part of *Europe* now can make their boaſt,
And ſay they have not taſted to their coſt
Of *Romiſh* Mercy? ſome are yet alive,
VVhoſe Parents felt the Death ſhe did contrive.
O *Germany*! thy poor diſtreſs'd Eſtate
VVill ſpeak to future Ages, and relate

VVhole Volums of her bloody Murders, and
The murder'd Souls of bleeding *Ireland*
Crie night and day for Vengeance, and implore
Gods *Heaven* enthroned Majesty e're more,
To put a period to her Hellish power,
That we may overtake her in an hour.
Those dreadful Murders, have the eyes and ears
Of some now living heard and seen the tears
Of soul afflicted Parents, whose sad eyes
Beheld their Murdred Babes,& heard their cries.
Their Daughters ravish'd, & when that was done,
Cruelly Murdred and the hopeful Son
By unheard Torments slain before their eyes,
Whilst they beheld their Childrens miseries:
Their Children Murdred, and their Wives defil'd,
Whose Bodies they ript up being great with child.
And all this while Parents and Husbands were
Forc'd to behold what flesh and blood can't bear
The bare Relation: what *Adamant* heart
Melts not, when I these dreadful things impart?
Ripping up Child-great-Women was not all,
For that although inhumane, was but small
Compar'd with other torments they indur'd,
Whose Patience bore what could not else be cur'd
Tearing out Bowels, boyling men alive, (trive.
These deaths and worse those Monsters did con-
We see how they have delt with every Nation;
And shall we think at last to find compassions
The piteous cries of Parents, nere could move.
Them to extend the smallest dram of love.

The

The tears that ran from dying Infants eyes,
Like plenteous ſhowers from the darkned skies:
Whoſe great abundance might have made a river,
Yet all theſe floods of brinish tears could never
Enter a Papiſts heart ſo hard condenſ'd,
So void of pity, and all humane ſence,
To hear the doleful ſhreeks, and dying groans
Of poor diſtreſſed Babes, who make their moans
To Soul afflicted Parents e're they part,
Theſe are the things delight a Papiſts heart;
To ſee the dying gaſpes before the death
Of tortured Souls, whoſe life forſaken breath
Had waited, many a tedious hour paſt, (laſt.
When their tormented Souls ſhould breath their
Whoſe dolorous ſighings penetrate the skies,
Thoſe objects do delight a Papiſts eyes.
And can we now at laſt expect to find,
That *Rome's* grown merciful, and Papiſts kind?
No, no, we cannot do't, if we but fix
Our ſerious thought upon late Sixty ſix:
When *London* was conſum'd, that Famous City,
Its Ruins doth beſpeak them void of pity.
By *Romes* contrivance, was fair *London* burn'd,
Englands Metropolis to aſhes turn'd.
Their Merchants of their Riches quite bereft,
To day rich men, to morrow nothing left.
Their Wives and Children harbourleſs became,
Their ſubſtance all conſumed in the Flame:
To day this Famous City's deck'd in Gold,
To morrow an amazement to behold.

The doleful Shreeks, and lamentable Cries,
The floods of Tears that ran from weeping eyes,
As true reſemblances, did repreſent
The Sorrows that our Neighbours underwent.
And can we think that Hell-begotten Rage,
That did provoke ſo many to engage
In ſuch an Act, far worſe than th'Powder Treaſon:
Can we ſuppoſe, if we conſult with Reaſon,
The fury of their Helliſh Rage expir'd
So ſoon as e're that Famous place was Fir'd.
No, no, Good Sir, your Pardon, I preſume
Thoſe Hell-ingendred flames that did conſume
So fair a City in ſo ſhort a ſpace.
Hell gave thoſe flames Commiſſion down to raze
Not *London* only, but every ſoul that hath
A heart reſolved to maintain the Faith
Of Jeſus, Proteſtants both great and ſmall
Rome hath determin'd their eternal Fall.
And thoſe more formal Proteſtants, whoſe Zeal
May ſecretly perſwade them to conceal
Their ſeeming Faith, and feignedly to cloſe
With *Romes* erroneous Doctrine, and ſuppoſe
Thereby to ſave their lives; let none believe
Such vain perſwaſions, many did deceive
Themſelves; for *Rome*, that Painted Whore,
Will deal with them as ſhe hath done before.
With ſuch as hoped in the ſelf ſame kind,
To meet with Mercy, but nought leſs did find.
Chriſt never gave unto his Church Commiſſion,
For to make Laws for grievous Perſecution.

No

No outward force were they i'th' leaſt to uſe,
Much leſs poor Innocents for to abuſe,
By Burning, Starving, Roaſting on a Spit,
And tauntingly to make a ſport of it.
The holy Saints, and People of the Lord,
Their only weapon was Gods ſacred Word.
With that bleſt ſword always they overcome,
And did refute all Hereticks; but *Rome*
Makes uſe ('tis plain) o'th' Carnal ſword and Fire,
'Tis Blood, 'tis Blood this Locuſt doth deſire.
Death without Mercy, acts of Cruelty,
The Matter muſt decide continually,
The way they uſe to turn a *Soul* from error,
Is the moſt dreadful fleſh-amazing terror
Of horrid Racks, whereon a man muſt lie
Tortur'd to Death, dying, yet cannot die.
Strange kinds of Inſtruments, devis'd to tear
The fleſh from off the bones; theſe ſometimes were
Her friendly admonitions, to reclaim
Such whom ſhe doth for Hereticks defame.
What Maſſacres has ſhe contriv'd by night,
When nature doth to reſt each man invite.
(harms
VVhen ſleep had clos'd their eyes, no thoughts of
Did them poſſeſs, but in their folded armes (they
Their wives and children lay, with hopes that
Through grace might live to ſee another day.
(Hell,
Then came theſe murd'ring Butchers, ſent from
Nothing but Blood would their vile rage repell;

Laying dear Babes and Mothers in their gore
'Till all were dead they ſcorned to give o're,
If theſe Church dealings will not work contrition,
She can erect a curſed Inquiſition:
A dreadful place of cruelty and blood,
Whoſe torments ſcarcely can be underſtood.
A loathſome Dungeon, and vile ſtinking Cell,
A place of darkneſs, repreſenting Hell;
Where nothing is ſo plentifull as tears,
And bitter Sighs, and yet can find no ears
To hear their cries and lamentable moans,
Nor hearts to pity them for all their groans,
Where many tedious days and nights they ſpend,
Not knowing when their ſuff'rings will have end.
If ſuch like arguments (Sir) will confute
A Heretick, the Papiſt may diſpute
With all the world, nay Heathen *Rome* could never
Come nigh a Papiſt with their beſt endeavour:
They ſcorn all *Turks* or *Pagans* (for contrival
Of Barbarous Cruelties) ſhould be Corrival;
For inhumanities their muſt defie
And ſcorn that Cannibals ſhould them come nigh.
A bloody Papiſt ſtrives to counterfeit
The Plagues of Hell, as far as man's conceit
Can reach unto, or Devils could invent,
This is a Papiſts knocking Argument
Thus, thus is *Rome* drunk with the Martyrs blood
Which has run down like to a mighty flood.
O it is *Rome* that is that Scarlet whore,
Which thus doth hate and perſecute the Poor.

And

And all which are unto truth inclin'd,
To serve the Lord with a most perfect mind,
According to the tenor of his Word;
All such she strives to put unto the Sword:
And suffers none to buy, nor sell, nor live,
But such as homage unto her would give.
Upon her head also Saint *John* did see
Was writ the curséd name of Blasphemy:
Setting her self on God's Imperial Throne:
Saying, I am, besides me there is none.
I have the keys of Heaven in my hand,
Both Earth and Hell is at my sole command;
I shut and open unto whom I please,
I torment give to some, to others ease.
Lo, thus God's Sacred Word doth point her forth,
This, this is she, there's none in all the earth
That ever did adventure to lay claim
To that presumptuous and blasphemous name,
As King of Heaven, Earth, and Hell, but she, (be.
Therefore *Romes* Church must the vile Strumpet

Apostate.

Sir, speak no more, forbear your slanderous lies,
The holy Church such murdrous acts defies:
Do not believe all Stories you do hear,
'Tis hard for you to make these things appear.

Professor.

These things were not (Sir) in a corner done,
Besides, I never yet have heard of one
That is for you, or standeth on your side,
Who by just proof these things ever deni'd;
For they alas notoriously are known,
And many Papists also them do own:
Besides, 'twas late some of these Cruelties,
Murder and Blood, and barb'rous Tragedies
Were done, and acted; some alive now be
Who with their eyes these villanies did see.
About the year (dear Sir) of fifty five
A dreadful massacre did *Rome* contrive
Near unto *France* i'th' Dukedom of *Savoy*
VVhere thirty thousand souls she did destroy,
Who were commanded without all delays
Papists to turn, and that within three days;
Who for refusing, were then presently
Put unto death with barb'rous Cruelty. (parts,
Some with sharp spears thrust through their privy
Whilst others stabbed were unto their hearts.
Some babes they cut in pieces, some they Roasted,
And some upon the tops of spears they tossed:
Virgins were Ravished, Widows and Wives
All barbarously deprived of their lives:
Some were drove forth on bitter Ice and Snow,
And many knock'd o'th' head as they did go;
Thus were those souls brought into misery,
See it at large in *Moreland's* History.

Two

Two hundred thousand Protestants or more
VVere Massacred by this vile bloody VVhore
In *Ireland*; there's many now alive
VVho saw what kinds of deaths they did contrive,
By which some of their dear relations then
VVere tortured by those most Bloody men.
How can you Sir these things i'th' least deny,
VVhich are so obvious unto ev'ry eye.

Apostate.

Youth, 'tis the Faith of *Roman* Catholicks,
Thus for to deal with all vile Hereticks.
Yet 'twas Rebellion too, say what you will,
For which the Church did many thousands kill.
To Magistrates they disobedient were,
And therefore they just punishment did bear.

Professor.

Peter and *John* they Rebels were also,
By that same Argument which use you do.
To Magistrates they did refuse to bend,
VVherein they knew they should the Lord offend.
In civil things they always did submit,
And Preached also, 'twas a thing most fit,
In things which unto man do appertain,
But Christ o're Conscience ought alone to reign.
Ev'n so those Martyrs bare an upright mind
Unto their Prince, and ever were inclin'd
In all just things obedient for to be;
Yet did stand up for Christ his Sov'reignty,

And

And were resolv'd in matters of their Faith,
To worship God as holy Scripture saith,
According to that light which he doth give,
Up unto which each Soul on Earth should live.
And though your Church doth put poor men to (death,
'Twas from the Dev'l such curst laws came forth.
The tares with wheat should grow unto the end,
Till God is pleas'd the Reapers for to send.
That 'twas from Satan; I don't doubt i'th' least,
For he did give unto this bloody Beast
His Pow'r and Seat, and his Authority,
For to effect all cursed Villany.

Apostate.

They were some evil persons without doubt,
Who crept into the Church, that work'd about (low,
Those Murderous deeds the Church did not al-
But utterly against them doth Avow.

Professor.

The filthy Pope, and evil Cardinal,
With Bishops, Monks, and Fryers you so call,
With fiery Jesuits, for to be brief,
In all these murd'rous acts these were the chief.
Bulls, false Pardons, and cursed dispensations,
From bloody *Rome* has Ruin'd many Nations,
You can't deceive, nor hoodwink the world more,
Times have discovered the Scarlet Whore.

We

We now know how clearly to bring our charge,
As I could shew, but that I can't inlarge.

Apostate.

I know not how further (Sir) to excuse
The Holy Church, you put me in a muse:
But she's more kind and gentle grown of late,
And doth such cruelties defie and hate.

Professor.

Rome *to a Wolf may fitly be compar'd,*
Who whilst against his will is quite debarr'd
From seeking of his Prey, being ty'd in chains,
Seems very peaceable, though he remains
A Wolf in Nature still, if ever he
At any rate can get his liberty,
Doth straight way run impatient of delay,
And cannot rest until he's got his prey.
So Rome *seems kind and gentle, until she*
Can find again an opportunity,
Which with unwearied pains, and often trial,
She ever seeks, and hardly takes denyal.
Which if she once obtains, she will not stay
From sheding blood a minute of a day.

Apostate.

'Tis a vain thing with you for to contend,
And therefore I had rather make an end:
'Tis out of love I speak, to have you leave
Your evil Errors, speedily to cleave

Unto

Unto that Church who only can decide
All Controverſies, even to divide
The truth from error, light from darkneſs ſo
That every one the ready way may go.
But you ſeem ſo reſolved in your mind,
That little hopes, alas, of you I find.
But youth conſider once again I pray,
The troubles of a now approaching day.
For ſore amazements will you overtake,
Unleſs you do your purpoſes forſake.
If once our Church the day obtains, be ſure
Then down you Hereticks muſt go for ever.
Let former ſtroaks of Juſtice take ſuch place,
As for to move you wiſely to embrace
That Councel, which in tender love I give,
That you in ſafety evermore may live.
Or you'l Repent that ever you begun
Theſe dang'rous ways of Hereſie to run.
'Tis a dark doleful dangerous path you go,
Recant therefore as many others do,

Profeſſor.

You may miſtake, ſometimes the waters flow,
Yet on a ſudden I obſerve them low.
A Hammon *may* maliciouſly deviſe
Poor Mordecai, *and others to ſurpriſe,*
Yet may his purpoſes meet with a blaſt,
And he himſelf be hanged too at laſt.
The fleſh with all its luſts to mortifie,
Is hard to thoſe that love Iniquity.

The

The way to Papiſts wholly is untrod,
And unto all who haters are of God.
The way ſeems dark to you, untrod, uneven,
Hard 'tis to th' fleſh, yet 'tis the way to Heaven,
'Tis dark to you, becauſe that you are blind,
And can't Gods purpoſe in dark foot-ſteps mind.
I've a ſure hand to lead my trampling paces,
To ſcape the danger of thoſe dang'rous ſpaces.
I ſhall paſs ſafe, by means of my beſt Guide,
Though thouſands fall by me on every ſide.
For to turn back will prove a doleful fault,
I think upon the Monument of Salt.
I am reſolv'd a thouſand deaths to dy,
Before I'le ever yield to Popery.

Apoſtate.

Thou art too ſtrict, too righteous, and preciſe,
Thou ſlight'ſt ſuch things which prudent men do prize.
Thou mayſt have Chriſt, pleaſure and honours too,
And ſaved be without half this ado.
There's very few alas are of your mind,
Who unto *Rome* are not at all inclin'd.

Profeſſor.

You now condemn me for my holy life,
Wherein 'tis true I met with ſtraits and ſtriſe.
But when, dear Sir, you come at length to die,
You'l blame your ſelf, and me you'l juſtifie.

Did

Did ever any on a dying bed,
Lament that they were by Gods ſpirit led
To crucifie their ſins, and undertake
All things to leave for the Lord Jeſus ſake?
If Righteous ones, alas ſcarce ſaved are,
It greatly doth behove me to take care
In holineſs to walk, what e're you ſay,
I from the paths of life will never ſtray.
The way I know is rough, 'tis hard and ſtrait,
And leads me alſo through a *Thorny gate*,
Whoſe ſcratching Pricks are very ſharp and fell,
The way to *Heav'n* is by the Gates of *Hell*.
Your way 'tis true ſeems very ſmooth and wide,
Since you from Chriſt have lately turn'd aſide.
My Paths ſeem long, yours ſhort and very fair,
Free from all Rubs and Snares, yet Sir beware,
The ſafeſt path is not alwayes moſt even,
The way to *Hell*'s like to a ſeeming *Heaven*
Shall proud Fleſh-wantons for a moments pleaſure,
Expoſe themſelves to ſhame, and loſs of treaſure.
The'l ſpend their ſtrength, their gold, and their E-
Amongſt their ſenſual dame-helliſh mates. (ſtates.
Shall curſed Pleaſures thus be pris'd, and muſt
The joyes above be cheaper then a luſt.
Tn' ambitious Gallant, for to hoiſt his Name
Upon the wings of Honour and of Fame,
How will he venter on the point of Spears,
And face the mouths of Cannons! nought he fears:
With courage ſtout how will he fight i'th' Flood,
When Briniſh Seas are mixt with human blood!

Shall

Shall wretched man be at the Devils will,
And dangers run, his luſt for to fulfil?
And ſhall not I, when God commands me forth,
Ingage for him with all my might on earth?
Or ſhall the promis'd Crown of endleſs life,
Be judg'd a trifle, and not worth a ſtrife?
That which vain man accounts to be moſt rare,
Is not obtain'd but with much coſt and care,
Things of great worth on Earth are got by pains,
And he who venters nothing, nothing gains.
And ſhall I then be ſtartled with a frown,
VVhen full aſſur'd of an Eternal Crown.
The ſtrife which doth an holy life attend,
Will recompenced be I'm ſure i'th' end.
I will go on, ſince Jeſus doth invite me,
His ſtrength is mine, and nothing ſhall affright me,

Apoſtate.

I do perceive you are reſolv'd to run,
In your ſtrict ways until you're quite undone.
Yet hear a little what I have to ſpeak.
And you will find 'tis beſt for you to take.
The Councel which I give; for you'l eſpy
Great Ruin fall upon you ſuddenly.
Your father will not own you for his Son,
If in this fooliſh ſtrictneſs you'l go on,
His Face expect hereafter not to ſee,
If this your purpoſe and your pleaſure be.

Professor.

If Father, Mother, and dear Brethren too
Forsake me quite, yet still I well do know
My precious Saviour will my Soul embrace,
And I shall see sweet smiles from his dear face.
My self and my relations all, (though) dear
I do deny, such is the love I bear
To my dear Lord, whose Servant now am I,
And do resolve to be until I die.
Come life, come Death, for Canaan *I'le endeavour,*
It is my home, and resting place for ever.
Better it is that earthly friends abuse me,
Than that Christ Jesus should at last refuse me.
I'de rather bear my Fathers wrath and ire,
Than to be cast into eternal Fire.

Apostate.

Fie, fie, young-man, forbear, and take advice,
Let not hot Zeal thy fancy thus intice,
For to refuse those pleasant things which you
May here enjoy, as many others do:
'Tis much too soon for thee to mind such things,
For nought but grief and dotage from it springs;
'Twill dull thy wit, and make thee like a droan,
And thou'lt be slighted too by ev'ry one.
How might'st thou live at ease, and pleasure have,
If once these ways thou would'st resolve to leave;
And like a Flower flourish in the Spring,
And with young Gallants might'st rejoyce & sing,

And

And spend thy days in pleasure sweet and rare:
I prethee youth consider, O take care
To chear thy heart; behold now in thy sight,
What earthly joys most sweetly do invite.

Professor.

Young it is true I am, and in my prime,
Therefore resolve for to improve my time:
The flower of my days dost think I will
Give to the Devil, lust for to fulfil?
Shall *Satan* have the primest of my days,
And put off Christ with base and vile delays,
Until old age, and then at last present
The dregs of time to him? I'le not consent
To such vile thoughts, I will not lend an ear,
I to my Saviour more affection bear.
Since first of th' living Spring my soul did drink
All sinful pleasures in my Nose do stink.
More precious Joy I find in my dear Lord,
Than all this world doth, yea, or can afford.
If I am slighted for Christ Jesus sake,
And judg'd a Fool or Droan, yet I can take
All for him, who for me hath undergone
More shame than this before his work was done.
This is my choosing time, I have made choice,
Gods Word I will obey, and hear his voice.
Gods Counsel 'tis that first of all in youth
I should him seek, and cleave unto the Truth.
Your Counsel I abhor; shall lustful fire
Be kindled in my Breast? shall my desire

Run out again to *Egypt*'s curſed ſtuff,
I know 'tis nought, of it I have enough.

Apoſtate.

Alas, the journey's long, you'l wearied be,
And faint before that Kingdom you do ſee.

Profeſſor.

Nay Sir, be ſilent, that is falſe, for I
By Faith moſt clearly do the Land eſpie.
But is the Journy long? blame me no more,
Betimes i'th' morning I ſet out therefore.
Why did'ſt thou ſay it was too ſoon for me
For to ſet out? If long the Journey be,
I do reſolve in youth with ſpeed to ſtrive,
Leſt I too late at laſt ſhould there arrive.
While ſtrength and youth do laſt I'le bend my mind
To Travel hard, becauſe I clearly find
Old Age, and weary Limbs, quite out of caſe
To go a journy, or to run a Race.
Alas, when night is ready to come in,
That's not a time this Journey to begin,
When Sun and Moon, and Stars all darkned be,
And clouds return, that we no light can ſee:
When rain and tempeſts do moſt ſore appear,
And th' Keepers of the houſe all trembling are:
When the ſtrong men themſelves are forc'd to bow
And grinders ceaſe alſo, becauſe that now
They are but few, and ready to fall out,
And thoſe through windows which do look about

Are

Are become dim, nay darkned without light,
And doors too in the ſtreet are ſhut up quite.
When the low ſound o'th' grinders ſcarcely heard,
He riſeth up too at the voice o'th' Bird:
And all the Daughters of ſweet Muſick rare,
Are brought too low, don't for ſuch Muſick care.
And fears increaſe in thoughts of what's on high,
Fears in the way, and fears for what is nigh.
When flouriſh ſhall the Almond Tree alſo,
And th' Graſhopper ſhall be a burden too.
When looſed is the precious Silver Cord,
And Golden Bowl is brok'n, as we have heard:
When the weak Pitcher at the Fountain's broke,
And th' wheel at th' Ciſtern with a heavy ſtroke:
VVhen deſire fails, and there alas is none,
VVhat will ſuch do who han't this Race begun?
Beſides 'tis clear, my days uncertain be,
Old Age alas I may not live to ſee.
Young men are quickly gon, for I behold
Dayly as young as I are turn'd to th' Mould,
My own experience doth diſcover this,
My life a bubble and a Vapour is.
The flower which doth ſpread, and is ſo gay,
Soon may it fade and wither quite away.
If I therefore have ſtill much work to do,
Or as you ſay ſo long a way to go;
It doth concern me then, with all my power,
For to improve each day, yea, every hour:

For daies to come I see may not be mine,
My time I'le spend, not as thou spendest thine;
My weights I'le cast away this race to run,
Stand still I must not, nor with thee return:
I must provide me oil, get Grace in store,
For o're a while I shall be seen no more
This side the Grave, I haste therefore to meet
The Glorious Judge at the great Judgment seat.
I must make haste, be swift like to the Sun,
Lest that my work's to do when time is done.

Apostate.

To you, young man, I have declared much
Of the sad danger, but your Zeal is such,
Nought that I say with you takes any place,
You don't believe me, that's the very case.
But what's the reason, youth, so many folk
Decline those paths in which you now do walk?
Were waies of your strict Holiness so sweet,
They in this sort would never back retreat;
I did resolve with others for to try,
And find you all deceived utterly.
Your whole Religion's nought but meer conceit,
Let none therefore thy soul with fancies cheat.
Since wise men daily do your waies forsake,
Be thou advis'd, and other councel take.

Professor.

If thousands fall away, it is no more
Than what the Scripture shews was heretofore.

Thou-

Thousands of old from *Egypt* did adventure,
And yet but two of them did *Canaan* enter:
They never had of Christ a saving taste,
Who quite away their seeming hopes do cast:
Their hearts alas are rotten and unsound,
Who in Christ Jesus never sweetness found,
But what of this? shall I my Lord deny
Because that you some Hypocrites espy?
Those who do murmur in the wilderness,
The Land of Promise never shall possess.
But if they will the precious Lord Revoke,
Shall I from thence resolve to slip the Yoak?
Because they don't the glorious Lord believe,
Shall *Caleb* think the Land he can't receive?
Because so many walk i'th' way to Hell,
Shall I conclude that Heaven don't excel
The vain injoyments of an evil world?
Or shall with fancies thus my soul be hurl'd?
To think, because that *Swine* the grains do chuse,
And Pearls do tread upon, and them refuse,
There is more worth in those base stinking grains
Than in those true Pearls which the Merchant gains?
Because these silly men have lost their way,
Shall I on purpose therefore go astray?
Because that *Judas* did for thirty pence
Sell his dear Lord, shall I conclude from thence
Peter a fool, who priz'd his favour so,
That for his sake all things hee'd undergo?
If fearful Souldiers basely quit the field,
Shall valiant Champions therefore straitway yield

Most cowardly unto their treacherous foe,
Whom they assured were to overthrow.
If Mariners unskill'd in Navigation
Are split on Rocks, shall all then in the Nation
That have that curious art, resolve therefore
Never to use the Art of *S*ailing more?
Because the sluggard sees the winds do blow,
The Rain descending with cold hail and snow,
He doth give o're, and says no longer will
Remain i'th' field his barren Land to till:
*S*hall faithful Husband-men from the like ground,
Who have oft-times by good experience found,
Without they sow, no harvest they can have,
Resolve the painfull labours quite to leave:
He that won't Plow because o'th' snow or rain,
*S*hall beg at harvest, and shall nought obtain:
*S*o in like sort, to mind my present case,
'Cause persons void of God's true saving Grace
Do' Postatize as you your self have done,
Must I to th' Devil with you headlong run?
'Cause some Professors secretly do love
*S*ome base corruptions, doth this therefore prove
There's none sincere for God in all the Earth,
Whose soul's experience do the second birth?
I for my part through Grace have this to say,
I never shall, nor can I fall away:
All those whom God has unto Jesus given,
They never can be dispossess'd of Heaven;
The Promise of Eternal Life is theirs,
And they like *Isaac*, even so are heirs,

Who

Who could not miſs, nor diſpoſſeſſed be,
Unleſs God's Word's made a meer Unlitie:
God's Covenant alſo with Chriſt doth ſtand,
Who can ſupply our wants on ev'ry hand,
Sin ſhall not Reign ſuch is our happy caſe,
We are not under th' *Law*, but under *Grace*
This Covenant is not like to the old,
We of a ſurer perſon now have hold.
We ſtand not now as *Adam* did 'tis plain,
God never will truſt that old man again.
Our credit's nothing worth, our Surety
Is in our room, our wants he muſt ſupply,
Beſides all this I'le hint another thing,
Which to my ſoul doth much refreſhment bring:
He that's the Author of my Faith, I ſpy,
Will finiſh it himſelf aſſuredly.
He that in me has a good work begun,
Will perfect it alſo e're he has done.
Within God's Saints Eternal Life doth dwell.
This would remove the doubt, conſidered well,
Thoſe unto whom Eternal Life is given,
How can it be that ſuch ſhould miſs of Heaven?
And now to breviate 'tis my intent,
Sir, if you pleaſe, to frame one argument.
If the new creature in the ſouls of men
Is of Gods Spirit born, I argue then,
The ſame in nature it be ſure muſt be,
Which cannot death, or like mutation ſee,
But that 'tis of God's Spirit born, is clear,
As *John* the Third doth make moſt plain appear.

The

The seed also doth in their souls remain,
They cannot sin to death who're born again;
God's fear moreover is so in their heart,
That they from him shall never more depart.
Thus is my standing very firm and sure,
And to the end I know I shall endure:
And as for those who fall away and dye
I shall discover clearly by and by
What kind of men and women they are all
Which will hold forth the cause too of their fall.

Apostate.

Most confident, I do perceive you are
Daunted at nothing, yet pray let me hear
Those persons Names which you did lastly meet,
Who finally resolve for to retreat, (mend;
And leave those paths which you seem to com-
Come, speak to this and we will make an end.

Profesor.

Sir, unto me it doth most plain appear
As if they cowards and faint-hearted were:
Under their tongues also close secretly,
Some pleasant morsels I am sure do lie:
And in them all doth reign some cursed evil,
Which makes them to conform unto the Devil.

Apostate.

As you suppose, but pray youth, have a care,
For they sincere and sober people are.

And

And I do question whether yea or nay
Thou do'it them know, what further hast to say.

Professor.

I told you, Sir, I knew them very well,
And since you urge me, I resolve to tell
What kind of folk they are, and also shall
Their names discover unto great and small;
Master *Fearful* was one that I did see,
With him was goodly *Sensuality*.
With Dame *Misbelief*, and Goodman *Outside*
Who turn'd from Christ as soon as they were try'd
One *Unbelief*, a very wicked man;
Turn him out of his way, there's no man can:
Besides them also, there's one *Earthly heart*
Who loves nothing so well as Plow and Cart:
Also ther's *Esau Faint-heart*, most profane,
That sells his Birth-right, Pottage to obtain;
With *Belly-god*, a man that I do find,
Flesh-pots and Onyons chiefly he doth mind.
There's Mistress *Discontent* too with the rest,
Who would have nought but what she liketh best.
Master *Hot love soon cold* also was there,
Lately for Zeal, with him few could compare,
There's *Ishmael legal-heart*, in truth also,
When troubles rise, he strait away doth go
With Master *Balaam*, who doth Jesus leave
The wages of unrighteousness to have:
Some people also I have lately met,
Who were with sin most easily beset;

And

And divers heavy weights alſo they bore,
Which wearied them, and made them to give o're.
A Gentleman I alſo did behold,
Whoſe trade was great, and ſtore he had of gold.
He's going back with ſorrow I do know,
Becauſe he can't have Chriſt and the world too.
One Maſter *Atheiſt*, that I think's his name
As like your ſelf as if he were the ſame;
He's fallen back ſo far, and turn'd aſide,
That at Religion he doth much deride:
He thinks Religion's but a fooliſh thing,
VVhich doth no comfort, nor no profit bring.
This is too true, you alſo are the man,
To clear your ſelf, deny it if you can,
No marvel 'tis you play the Devils part,
In labouring thus for to deceive my heart,
And blind mine eyes if that thou kneweſt how,
Thou'dſt make me like thy ſelf, and therefore now
I am reſolv'd with thee for to ingage,
VVho ſtriv'ſt to ſtop me in my Pilgrimage:
A foe more vile than you, what ſoul can meet?
I'le therefore bring you down unto my feet.
Some ſtones *I* think to fetch out of God's book,
Though like *Goliah* you do ſeem to look,
Yet in his Name, whom you ſo much defie,
I ſhall prevail againſt you by and by.
I thought *I* muſt confeſs ſome years ago,
I ſhould not in the leaſt been ſtopt by you;
Or that *I* ſhould have met with oppoſition
VVith ſuch a foe to add to my affliction.

But

But ſince this is my ſad unhappy fate,
I'le add a line or two to vindicate
*T*he Dreadful God, ſo far as lies in me,
I'le vindicate that Glorious Deity;
*W*ho in my ſoul his *I*mage ſo has ſet,
*T*hat *I* his Glorious Being can't forget.
Shall he which form'd both *H*eaven and the Earth,
From whom *I* have my precious life and birth
Be trod upon, nay, utterly deni'd?
*W*hat ſoul can ſuch a ſinful wretch abide?
*W*ho ſtrives at once, if that you could it do,
*T*he life of all Religion to o're-throw.
*H*aſt thou got ought to ſpeak, and wilt thou enter
On the debate, yea, durſt thou to adventure
To o'pe thy mouth i'th' leaſt for to defend
Thoſe thoughts of thine, which clearly do deſcend
From hell beneath, thou'lt prove thy ſelf thereby
The Devil's Friend, *Jehovah's* Enemy.

Apoſtate.

Thou childiſh lad, do'ſt think *I* am afraid
For to declare my ſelf, or am diſmay'd
By ſilly dreams and fancies, which affright
Thoſe ſimple ones who dare not walk i'th' night:
Who ſtartle at the ſhadow which they ſee,
*A*nd think the Devil's near, when 'tis a tree:
*A*nd ſince *I* do perceive you underſtand
*W*hat my opinion is, *I* do demand
*H*ow you can prove, and fully make appear
There is a God; for none at all *I* fear.

No

No God nor Devil I at all believe,
Nor is there any Heaven to receive
The souls of Holy Men when they do die;
Nor is there any Hell of Misery
For sinners after death, as you conceit,
All is nought else save a Religious cheat.

Professor.

Dare you your Maker thus with impudence
Deny and tread upon? such insolence
What Soul can bear! what Age can shew the like,
Where so much light hath been! shall Mortals strike
At the Great God, and Glorious Deity?
Whose dreadful Being and Existency
The Heathens did find out, and greatly fear;
His Godhead did to them most plain appear
By the Creation, Man, as in a Glass
May there behold who his Creator was.
'Tis time to arm my self, and look about,
When by an Atheist I am challeng'd out:
When th' whole of all Religion lies at stake,
'Tis time to rouse, and also for to shake
Off sloth and idleness, and to ingage
With such a foe in this my pilgrimage.
If once I should unto an Atheist yield,
And treach'rously also acquit the Field:
The strongest hold of Truth betray should I
Into the hands of its worst enemy:
And should unman my self of Christian too,
And my dear soul of reason overthrow.

I should

I should debase my self, should I deny
My Noble Birth from the great Deity.
Man's chiefest glory springs from's Supream Head,
In his descent from him, who made and bred,
And brought him forth, and doth his life maintain;
From hence man doth his greatest honor gain.
'Tis power Divine that man doth greaten thus,
As to make him King of the Universe.
Who e're disowns his blessed Pedigree,
Doth prove himself unnat'ral for to be.
For man to say he came by hap or chance,
As 'tis a piece of wilful Ignorance,
Himself also he doth depose thereby,
From his own honour and rare dignity;
And vile contempt upon himself doth bring,
As well as dirt upon that Essence fling.
Who form'd his Soul, and gave to him his breath,
And made him Ruler here upon the Earth.
But to proceed, and lend my helping hand,
In the defence of Sacred truth to stand,
And vindicate my great Creators cause
By Natures light, and also by those Laws
Which supernat'ral are, and most Divine,
Whose light excells, yea, and whose glories shine.
You ask me how I can make it appear,
There is a God, attend and now give ear,
And weigh my arguments and reasons sound,
And let not Satan more your soul confound,
And Reason quite destroy as he has done,
Least to the Devil you do headlong run.

Apostate.

Apoſtate.

Before you do proceed, this you muſt know,
If you a God do think to prove or ſhow,
Be ſure of this, young man, it muſt not be
By *Scripture-proof*, for its Authority
I do deny, and cannot it believe,
You never ſhall that way my heart deceive:
The knowledge which you ſupernatural call,
Is a meer cheat, I mind it not at all.

Profeſſor.

Though ſupernatural knowledge you deſpiſe,
And count Gods holy Word to be but lies.
I briefly ſhall ſtand up in its defence,
And ſhew your pride and curſed Inſolence.
That all may love Gods word, prize it, and ſee
Its worth and weight, and its Authoritie
To be Divine, and by *Jehovah* given
To lead poor Souls in the right way to Heaven:
One thing of you i'th' firſt place I demand,
Pray let me know, and fully underſtand
When this ſuppoſed Cheat did firſt commence,
And in what part o'th' world, bring evidence.
Egypt ſtands mute, ſaith it commenc'd not hear,
Nor did the *Jews* invent it, that's as clear.
Ask all the Heathens too in every age,
If their Philoſophers brought 't on the Stage.
If you can find it out, pray bring 't to light,
Or elſe confeſs your darkneſs worſe than night.

'Tis

Tis ſtrange that ſuch a univerſal cheat
Should thus be put upon the world, and yet
No one can ſhew who did the ſame deviſe,
Nor how, nor when the ſame at firſt did riſe:
Since all the world ſtands ſilent, and is mute,
This might a period put to the Diſpute.
But ſecondly, I argue once again,
There's none of them who do ſo much diſdain
The Holy Scriptures, who juſt proof could bring
To ſhew i'th' leaſt they were a forged thing:
If none can them diſprove, O then ſay I,
What ground have you the Scripture to deny?
The Scriptures alſo, I obſerve have been
Strangely preſerved by a pow'r unſeen:
In every age, kept both in word and ſence
From ſecret fraud, and open violence,
Againſt the num'rous Armies of all thoſe
That were both ſecret, yea, and open foes.
No wicked or malicious men could ever
Subvert the Scripture, though they did indeavour:
The beaſtly Clergy of the Church of *Rome*,
Thorough whoſe hands, to us, the Scripture comes;
Though guilty of moſt vile abomination
As ever was committed in a Nation.
Their curſed ſins are hateful to relate,
Which they committed, and did tolerate:
And that they might more freely do the ſame,
And to be kept from ſad reproach and ſhame,
They ſay the Pope himſelf may change the Laws
Of th' Holy Goſpel, as himſelf ſees Cauſe;

And make the ſence of Scriptures to agree
VVith time and place, as he moſt fit doth ſee.
How free thoſe Sacrilegious Monſters were,
(Had God admitted) to extinguiſh'd clear
The Sacred Scripture, and put out their light,
And fill'd the world with an eternal night.
But we may ſee although it made it's way
Thorough thoſe muddy Chanels, yet have they
Been ſtill kept pure, and ſtill remain a Law
To keep moſt men ſave Bloody Popes in awe.
Now if againſt ſo many Enemies,
VVho us'd all means that Devils could deviſe
T' obliterate that Soul-informing word,
It was preſerv'd, and not by humane ſword.
How dare you *Sir* preſume for to deny
Its Bleſſed and Divine Authority?
Another ground or reaſon I ſhall urge,
VVhich proves Gods word Divine as I do judge.
'Tis taken from that influence they have
Upon their hearts whom God intends to ſave
It turns them from thoſe curſed ways of ſin,
VVhich once they loved and delighted in.
It brings them out of darkneſs into light,
Yea, and diſcovers Jeſus to their ſight,
Filling their ſouls with inward life and peace,
And precious joy, the which ſhall never ceaſe.
The glorious Power which God did afford
Always to thoſe who ſtood up for his word
Moſt clearly ſhews, Methinks, to every eye
The *Scripture's* true, and their Authority.

To

To be Divine, what ever you may ſay,
I cannot give this Argument away.
How have they been ſupported in the flames?
Which as it did perpetuate their Names,
So God thereby did ſtir up ten for one,
To ſtand up for his Word when they were gone.
Ah! how did they rejoyce Sir in the fire,
VVhich made their very Enemies admire.
VVouldſt thou one inſtance have, I could give two,
And ten times twenty more if that would do.
But if I ſhould, I am ſure I ſhould tranſgreſs,
And over-charge th' Appendix and the Preſs.
And therefore I will add one reaſon more
To prove Gods VVords Divine, and ſo give o're.
How has the Scripture made the Atheiſt quake,
And all his limbs with dreadful horror ſhake!
VVhen on a death-Bed they have come to lie,
Their Conſcience waking in their face did fly.
Though in their health they did it much deſpiſe,
And did affirm it was made up with lies.
Yet has it made them howl at laſt and cry,
VVe are undone to all Eternity.
'Twas like unto the writing on the wall,
VVhich did foretell profane *Belſhazzar's* fall.
VVhich was ſo terrible, yea, and ſo ſtrange,
It wrought amongſt them a moſt ſudden change.
Their Mirth and Jollity doth now expire,
And the proud King doth earneſtly deſire
To hear it read, nought then would ſerve the turn
But an Interpreter: his heart did burn,

His trembling Knees ſmote one againſt another,
As if his Joynts were looſed from each other.
Thus thoſe that won't confeſs *Jehovah*'s Name,
Are forc'd to own him to their utter ſhame.
And thoſe who will not of Gods Words allow,
Are forc'd by Conſcience under it to bow.
Theſe being weigh'd, may make you quite give o're,
Yea, and Gods Word thus to oppoſe no more,
Now if the Scripture cannot be gain-ſaid,
Methinks each Soul ſhould be exceeding fraid
How they contemn that glorious Deity,
VVhom they ſo clearly ſhew and magnifie.
But to leave this a little and deſcend
To mans own reaſon which you ſo commend,
How many Heathens did alone thereby,
Find out (dear Sir) Gods glorious Majeſty.
If you your Reaſon did but exerciſe,
From Atheiſm doubtleſs you ſoon might riſe,
And hate alſo this Soul-deſtroying evil,
Thus ſiding with, and yielding to the Devil.

Apoſtate.

Amongſt the Heathens (youth) were men of fame
VVho for their skill in Nature had the name
Above all others, which did quite deny
There was a God or ſuch a Deity.

Profeſſor.

Your *Epicurus*, and old *Ariſtotle*,
VVith *Theodorus*, *Bion*, and the Rabble,

And

And ſuch like Atheiſts I muſt grant to you
Deny'd there was a God as Stories ſhew,
Philoſophy is good, but men abuſe it,
VVhen they, like thoſe old Heathen Authors uſe it.
God doth ſometimes mens reaſons darken quite
For not improving of the means of light.
To vile affections up God doth them give,
Becauſe on earth, like Brutes they ſeem to live.
But though theſe natural Sots could not eſpy
By all their skill th' eternal Deity,
Yet many thouſand Heathens I might ſhow
By Natures light alone did come to know
There was a God, they ſearched ſo about
Into Gods works, they found his God-head out.
For when they gave themſelves up ſeriouſly
To ſtudy Natures Book, and come to pry
Into the cauſe of all things here on earth,
And their effects, did clearly ſee the birth
Or firſt Original of every thing,
From ſuch an Eſſence to deſcend or ſpring.
The very Novices in Natures School,
May ſoon convince that man to be a Fool,
VVho by the Creatures glory can't diſcern
The Being of that dreadfull Soveraign
VVho did them form and make, for every where
His glorious God head they to all declare,
Had I but time, I could ſome pages fill,
To ſhew to you how that mans reaſon will
Teach him there is a God, for if he mind
The nature of his Soul, this he might find,

Man's

Mans ſoul is like a ſpring or like to fire,
It reſteth not aloft, it doth aſpire,
And unto *Noah*'s Dove, I'le it compare,
God is the Ark, ſouls reſt alone is there.
The fleſh dams up the ſpring, quenches deſire,
Keeps out of th' Ark to which it would retire:
Since I perceive mans ſoul doth ſearch about
To find ſome higher good and Being out;
VVhich doth excel all things which are below,
This doth to us Gods glorious being ſhow.
But to conclude this, no man can diſown,
God by his judgments daily is made known.
VVhat ſad examples daily do we hear
Of VVrath and Vengeance almoſt every where?
Some drunkards and blaſphemers ſtruck down dead
And others with ſtrange Judgments tortured?
Some have preſum'd the Holy God to dare,
VVhom he would not one little minute ſpare,
If this will not convince you of your error,
I fear you will e're long fall under terror;
For if you will not now example take,
God may of you a ſad example make.
Your ſtate alas, above all men is ſad,
Becauſe of God you once ſuch knowledge had,
And of his waies, which now you loath and hate;
O Sir, conſider this your woful ſtate;
And cry to God, if peradventure He
May give you Grace, whereby your ſoul may ſee
Your hainous ſin, that ſo you may repent,
And turn to God before your daies are ſpent.

Apo-

Apoſtate.

I muſt confeſs I know not what to ſay,
If there's a God, then curſed be the day
That ever I was born, for I do know
He never unto me will mercy ſhew:
I now reſolve to open my condition,
Though all's in vain; for there is no contrition
VVill do me good, I utterly am loſt;
For I have ſinn'd againſt the Holy Ghoſt:
I wilfully have ſinn'd and there remains
Nothing for me but everlaſting pains.
O that there were no God, for then ſhould I
Be like the Beaſt when e're I come to die.
For love o'th' VVorld and for my preſent eaſe
I am become like to the troubled Seas.
No reſt nor comfort ever ſhall I find,
Curs'd be the day that ever I declin'd
From theſe good waies in which dear youth you go
Or ever I did God or Jeſus know:
For if I had not known them, it is clear
My ſin would not ſo hainous now appear:
My Conſcience doth prick me to the heart,
I never ſhall be eaſed of this ſmart.
Oh that I were in Hell! for then ſhould I
Soon ſee the worſt of my extremity.
Thou ſhalt, dear youth, for ever happy be,
For thou art choſen from Eternity.
To be an heir of the Eternal Bliſs;
But I alas am damn'd! what woe like this?

The

The Devil with his glist'ring golden ball,
Hath me deceiv'd, and now I see my fall
To be so bad, no tongue can it expres,
My woful pain is quite remedileſs.
The checks of Conſcience I did greatly ſlight,
And loved darkneſs greatly, hated light:
Yea, and of good I never lov'd to hear,
Though I of him had hints oft-times moſt clear;
And now will he my ſoul to pieces tear,
And make me his Eternal Vengeance bear.
Let all backſliders of me warning take
Before they fall into the *Stygian Lake*;
Yea, and return and make with God their peace
Before the daies of Grace and Mercy ceaſe;
For mine are paſt for ever, oh! condole
My ſad eſtate, and miſerable ſoul.
My daies will quickly end, and I muſt lie
Broyling in flames to all Eternity.

FINIS.

The Stationers Arms.